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FOOD OF THE GODS
MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS

STAN LEE presents

FOOD OF THE GODS

By H.G. Wells

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Herbert George Wells (H.G. Wells) was born in September of 1866 at Bromley, Kent, England. At an early age, he developed an interest in the natural sciences, particularly biology. He married early after becoming a pupil-teacher at age 17, but that marriage did not last. He left his past behind him, immediately becoming a successful journalist and short story writer and, eventually remarried (as it turned out, one of his previous biology students).

Much of H.G. Wells explorations into fiction, primarily his early novels, dealt with science fiction and veiled attempts at prophecy. Wells' scientific background added greatly to his success in this genre, as did his acute natural perception in the field of sociology, showing the depth of human response in what might otherwise be considered outrageous fantasy. His first such novel was THE TIME MACHINE (see Marvel Classic Comics #2). WAR OF THE WORLDS was third, following THE INVISIBLE MAN.

Because of his attempts at prophecy, Wells became a key member of the Fabian Society of London, where he would meet George Bernard Shaw. Shaw and Wells were often at odds and much of that period's experiences are recorded in Wells' novels ANN VERONICA and THE NEW MACHIAVELLI.

Wells also wrote a comprehensive OUTLINE OF HISTORY and some lesser known non-fiction works before he died in 1946.

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H.G.WELLS
THE FOOD OF THE GODS
IT WAS AMAZING. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE. IT WAS A MIRACLE AND IT WAS TERRIBLE.
MR. BENSINGTON AND PROFESSOR REDWOOD INVENTED IT BETWEEN THEM. IN THEIR FIRST BRIGHT ENTHUSIASM, THEY CALLED IT THE FOOD OF THE GODS -- AND, INDEED, IT WAS IN EVERY WAY A MOST REMARKABLE SUBSTANCE.
SO REMARKABLE THAT IT WOULD CHANGE THE VERY WORLD OF ITS CREATORS, AND PRODUCE A NEW BREED OF MEN. AND ONLY TIME WOULD TELL IF THESE NEW MEN WERE GODS... OR DEMONS.

THE IDEA WOULD ULTIMATELY BE THE BRAIN-CHILD OF MR. BENSINGTON-- BUT WAS SUGGESTED BY ONE OF PROFESSOR REDWOOD'S PAPERS ON THE STUDY OF GROWTH...
YOU SEE, BENSINGTON, I HAVE BEEN MEASURING GROWING THINGS OF ALL SORTS-- KITTENS, SUNFLOWERS, EVEN MY OWN INFANT CHILD.
AS A RESULT, I HAVE LEARNED THAT THE PROCESS OF GROWTH IS NEITHER CONSTANT NOR DOES IT PROCEED AS A REGULATED PACE. RATHER, GROWTH IS AN INTERMITTENT PROCESS-- WITH ALTERNATING PERIODS OF FLOURISHES AND DORMANCIES.
IT IS AS IF EVERY LIVING THING MUST FIRST ACCUMULATE THE FORCE TO GROW, THEN GROWS WITH VIGOR ONLY FOR A TIME--
--AND THEN MUST REST AND RECUPERATE BEFORE RESUMING A FRESH SPURT OF GROWTH.
HMMM...
AND I CONCLUDE, THEREFORE, THAT THERE MUST BE SOME UNKNOWN SUBSTANCE IN THE BLOOD OR SAP WHICH LITERALLY CAUSES GROWTH.
IT COULD VERY WELL BE THE SAME SUBSTANCE YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO ISOLATE IN YOUR RESEARCHES, BENSINGTON!
BY JOVE, REDWOOD! IF I AM RIGHT-- AND IF BY PROVIDING A CONSTANT SUPPLY OF THIS SUBSTANCE WE COULD ELIMINATE THE DORMANT OR "RESTING" PHASE OF A LIVING THING'S GROWTH CYCLE...
...THEN WE COULD ACTUALLY STIMULATE LIFEFORMS TO GROW MANY TIMES BEYOND THEIR PRESENT NORMAL SIZE!
PRECISELY, BENSINGTON-- AND JUST THINK OF THE CONSEQUENCES!
GROWTH WOULD THEN PROGRESS AS IN THIS DIAGRAM-- IN A DIRECT AND CONSTANT TREND, UNDIMINISHED BY PHASES OF DORMANCY.

THERE WAS A PAUSE IN WHICH BOTH MEN PONDERED THE MEANING OF THEIR DISCOVERY... AND THEN BENSINGTON LAUGHED RATHER NERVOUSLY...

THIS HAS MORE THAN A MERE THEORETICAL INTEREST, REDWOOD. IT COULD, PERHAPS, BE PUT TO PRACTICAL USE... AS A FOOD --A FOOD OF THE GODS.

YES! THINK OF THE SIZE OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES --WE COULD FEED THE ENTIRE WORLD FROM A SINGLE GARDEN!

BENSINGTON SAT DEEP IN THOUGHT LONG AFTER REDWOOD HAD DEPARTED--AND EVENTUALLY HIS BROODING TURNED TO THE NOTION OF AN EXPERIMENTAL FARM...

OF COURSE, CHICKS ARE CHEAPLY FED AND EASILY OBSERVED.

REDWOOD WILL BE BUSY WITH HIS RESEARCH, SO I SHALL BEGIN THE SEARCH MYSELF IN THE MORNING.

BENSINGTON SELECTED A LIKELY PLACE AT HICKLEYSNOW IN THE ROLLING ENGLISH COUNTRY-SIDE NEAR CRSNOT IN KENT...

RATHER OLD... BUT THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT A BARGAIN I SUPPOSE...

NOW I MUST FIND A LIVE-IN COUPLE TO RUN THE PLACE.

MR. AND MRS. SKINNER, THE COUPLE BENSINGTON EVENTUALLY HIRED, WERE NOT ONLY OLD BUT RATHER DIRTY AS WELL. A PITY BENSINGTON DID NOT OBSERVE THIS TRAIT...

OH YES, I HAVE MANAGED FOWLS FOR YEARS-- AND MY HUSBAND IS A STURDY WORKER, I CAN ASSURE YOU.

EXCELLENT. MY ASSOCIATE AND I WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH THE FEED -- A DIFFERENT STRAIN OF FEED EVERY WEEK, OR SO, UNTIL YOU OBSERVE ANYTHING... ER, UNUSUAL.

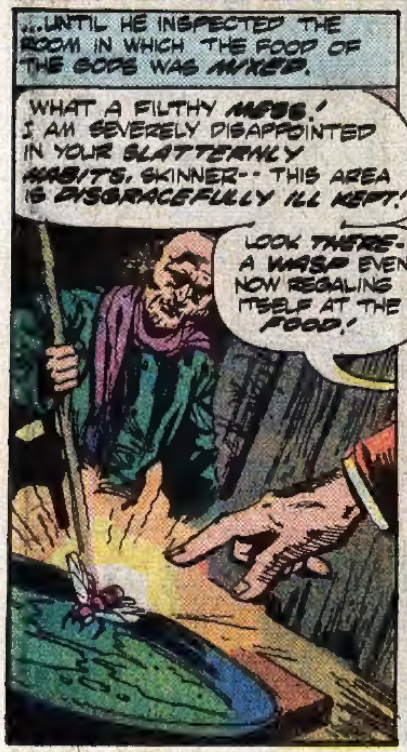
THE SKINNERS WERE INSTALLED IN THE FARM WITHIN A WEEK, BUT IT WAS NOT UNTIL SEVEN MONTHS LATER THAT SUCCESS FINALLY DAWNED...

LOOK HERE, REDWOOD--A LETTER FROM SKINNER!

HE SAYS THE NEW BROOD OF CHICKS IS GROWING VIGOROUSLY ON THE LATEST BATCH OF FOOD I MIXED...
HE CLAIMS THEY ARE VERITABLE GIANTS.
WELL, THIS COULD BE IT, THEN.

ARRIVING AT THE FARM NEXT MORNING, MR. BENSINGTON IMMEDIATELY KNEW THAT HIS HAPPIEST DAY WAS BEFORE HIM...
YOU SEE, SIR? I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT THEY'LL BE LIKE WHEN THEY'RE FULLY GROWN...!
EXTREMELY LARGE, I SHOULD SAY.

LET ME SEE...TEN DAYS OLD AND ALREADY SIX OR SEVEN TIMES AS BIG AS AN ORDINARY CHICK.
YES-- THEY SHALL BE EXTREMELY LARGE.
AND MR. BENSINGTON'S HAPPIEST DAY GREW HAPPIER BY THE MOMENT...


...UNTIL HE INSPECTED THE ROOM IN WHICH THE FOOD OF THE GODS WAS MIXED.
WHAT A FILTHY MESS! I AM SEVERELY DISAPPOINTED IN YOUR SLATTERNLY HABITS, SKINNER-- THIS AREA IS DISGRACEFULLY ILL KEPT!
LOOK THERE.. A WASP EVEN NOW REGALING ITSELF AT THE FOOD!

THIS SUBSTANCE SHOULD BE SEALED UP, SKINNER-- SEALED UP AND SAFELY STORED AWAY! DO SO AT ONCE!
Y-YES, SIR, MR. BENSINGTON.

AND THESE RAT HOLES COULD DO WITH SOME TRAPS!
OF ALL THE SLOVENLY HOVELS...!
BUT, OF COURSE, THE DAMAGE HAD ALREADY BEEN DONE.

BACK IN LONDON, BENSINGTON'S HAPPINESS RETURNED...
THIS IS INCREDIBLE PROOF, BENSINGTON. IT IS A CHICK -- A MERE BABY -- DESPITE ITS ENORMOUS PROPORTIONS.
YOUTH AND SIZE -- A FORMIDABLE COMBINATION OF TRAITS!
YES, I QUITE AGREE, REDWOOD.
I KNOW YOU WILL THINK THIS VERY RASH OF ME, BENSINGTON, BUT THE FACT IS...
...NEARLY A WEEK AGO, I PUT A LITTLE OF THE FOOD INTO MY BABY'S BOTTLE.
WHAAAAT?!
BUT REDWOOD, YOU FOOL SUPPOSE--
I KNOW, I KNOW! BUT THE POOR CHAP WASN'T PUTTING ON SUFFICIENT WEIGHT, BENSINGTON. I COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION -- THE NURSE WAS OUT AND THERE WAS HIS BOTTLE RIGHT BEFORE ME...
BUT HE'LL GROW TO--
HE HAS ALREADY GROWN -- TWENTY-SEVEN OUNCES LAST WEEK.
HE'S GETTING TO BE A HUSKY LITTLE BLOKE, HEH-HEH.
THE PROBLEM NOW IS WHETHER TO KEEP IT UP. HE'S BEEN CRYING FOR TWO DAYS -- NOW THAT HE'D HAD A TASTE OF GREENER GRASS ON THE OTHER SIDE HE'S NOT SATISFIED WITH HIS ORDINARY FOOD...
HE WANTS MORE OF THE...UM, SPECIAL VARIETY.
OH, GOOD LORD.
SEE MEAS, REDWOOD -- THIS IS CARRYING THE EXPERIMENT ALTOGETHER TOO FAR.
YET SOONER OR LATER, SOME BABY WILL HAVE TO TRY IT.
WHY NOT MINE? IN A SENSE, I FATHERED BOTH OF THEM -- THE BABY AND THE FOOD THAT IS.
BENSINGTON COULD MUSTER NO FURTHER ARGUMENT. BESIDES, IT WAS SOME.

SEVEN WEEKS PASSED. THEN THE CARELESSNESS OF THE SKINNERS TOOK ON A TANGIBLE CAREER. IT WAS A KEEPER NAMED GODFREY WHO FIRST ENCOUNTERED THE EVIDENCE...
EH..? WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE THE DRONE OF A MOTOR CAR...
ZZZ
BUT IT CAN'T BE... MOTOR CARS DON'T DRONE UP IN THE TREES...
AND THE LAST TIME I WAS IN TOWN, THEY CERTAINLY WEREN'T--
ZZZ:ZZZ
...FLYING.
GOOD LORD!! IT'S A WINGED DEMON!
ZZ
ZZZ
BRAM
WHY, IT... IT'S A WASP--!
BUT IT'S BIGGER THAN A RUDDY BARN OWL!
THERE FOLLOWED SOME FIFTY APPEARANCES OF THE GIANT WASPS. ONE DEVOURED A PAGEON IN THE COURTYARD OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM...
...WHILE SEVERAL OTHERS DISPERSED A PICNIC AND CONFISCATED ALL ITS SWEETS AND JELLIES.
RUN!! IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD!
JAM
JAM

THE STREETS, THAT EVENING, RESOUNDED WITH THE CRY...
GIGANTIC WASPS IN KENT!
TIMES
GIGANTIC WASPS IN KENT
GOOD LORD! IT'S BECOMING A NIGHTMARE! I'D BEST GET OVER TO BENSINGTON'S FLAT--!

BUT BENSINGTON'S APARTMENT ALREADY HOSTED A VISITOR--THE UNTIDY MR. SKINNER, HIS VOICE RAISED IN ANGUISH...
--IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO STAY THERE, SIR! AND IT'S NOT JUST THE WASPS--THERE ARE THE STINGING NETTLES AND BRAMBLE BUSHES BY THE COOP!
THEY'RE GROWING TOO--BECOMING THICK AS TREES WITH THORNS LIKE SWORDS!

AND THE CANARY CREEPER, SIR--IT PUT ITS TENDRIL THROUGH THE WINDOW IN THE NIGHT--MADE A HORRENDOUS CRASH--VERY NEARLY CAUGHT MRS. SKINNER'S LEG!
I HAD TO BLOODY WELL BEAT THE THING OFF--TOOK A RUDDY HATCHET TO IT!

IT'S THAT FOOD OF YOURS, SIR! I KNOW IT! WHEREVER WE SPLASHED IT ABOUT, SIR, EVERYTHING IS GROWING! WILDLY!
EVEN IF THE WASPS DON'T STING US, WE SHALL BE SUFFOCATED BY THE CREEPER! AND HOW DO I KNOW THE RATS HAVEN'T GOT AT IT?!

IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SO CONFOUNDED SLOPPY--
I HAVEN'T THE HEART TO ARGUE WITH YOU, SIR! IT'S THE BLOOMIN' RATS I KEEP THINKING OF--!
IF THEY SHOULD GROW, SIR, WE'LL BE AT THE MERCY OF RAVENING MONSTERS!

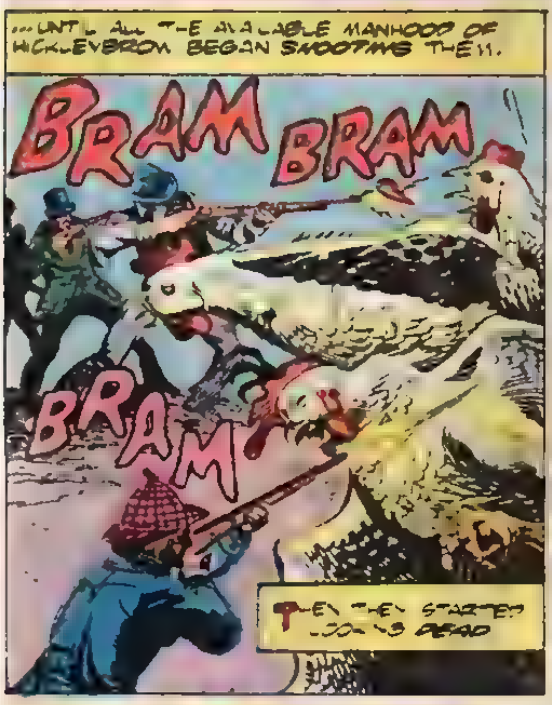
NONSENSE. THERE AREN'T ANY RATS--AND CERTAINLY NO MONSTERS. NOW GO ON BACK TO MRS. SKINNER--YOU CAN'T LEAVE HER THERE ALONE ALL NIGHT.
THAT'S EASY FOR YOU TO SAY, SIR--YOU HAVEN'T BEEN OUT THERE AT NIGHT.

BUT MRS. SKINNER HAD SPENT SOME NIGHTS ON THE FARM -- AND, AT ELEVEN THAT MORNING, DECIDED THAT ONE MORE WOULD BE PUSHING HER LUCK...
ENOUGH IS ENOUGH. THAT LAZY HUSBAND OF MINE CAN COME BACK IF HE LIKES --
-- BUT I'M LEAVING NOW -- FOR A PLACE WHERE THINGS ARE MORE MY SIZE.
HMM... MIGHT AS WELL TAKE ALONG THESE TINS OF MR. BENSINGTON'S FOOD. SHAME TO SEE SUCH GOOD GROWTH WASTED ON A LOT OF DRATTED CHICKENS AND WINDOW VINES.
BENSINGTON'S FOOD
BUT THEN, AS SHE SALLIED OUT INTO A PERILOUS WORLD SHE PAUSED AT THE CHICKEN COOP...
POOR DEARS. THEY'VE HAD NO WATER OR FOOD THESE PAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS...
JUST SO THEY DON'T STARVE. THIS WAY THEY CAN PECK AROUND THE YARD UNTIL SOMEONE COMES TO FEED THEM...
INDEED.
AFTER THAT, MRS. SKINNER QUICKLY CROSSED THE MEADOWS AND PANTED UP THE HILL TOWARD CHEASING EYESIGHT, WHERE HER MARRIED DAUGHTER LIVED...
THE FOOD WAS GETTING AROUND.

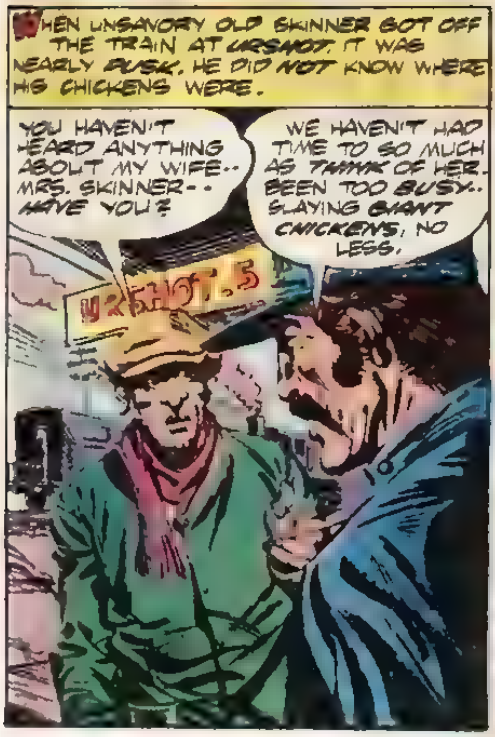
THE PULLETS CAME INTO NICKLEY-BROW ABOUT THREE O CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON..
CHICKENS?
ONE PECKED UP THE SKELMERSDALE CHILD.
YAAAAH!!
...AND FLED UP THE STREET WITH HIM.
HELLLP!! CHICKENS!!
MISS DURGAN OF THE POST OFFICE WAS AT THE WINDOW.
CHICKENS?
ST OFF CE
SHE IMMEDIATELY SNATCHED UP A BAG OF LETTERS..
--AND RUSHED OUT THE DOOR.
YEEEAHHH!!
THIS GAVE PAUSE TO THE PULLET IN POSSESSION OF MASTER SKELMERSDALE...
...A PAUSE FOLLOWED BY THE STARTLED PULLET GOING OVER THE WALL..
EEEEEE!
HELLLP!
--INTO THE VICARAGE GARDEN.
CHICKENS--?

THE CURATE BOLTED INTO PURSUIT, WHIRLING HIS CROQUET MALLET AND SHOUTING WITH THE WRATH OF GOD, HOPING TO SAVE YET ANOTHER PARISHIONER...
STOP, YOU WRETCHED FIEND!!
HELP! IT'S TRYING TO EAT ME!!
UNABLE TO INTERCEPT THE BERSERK PULLET, THE CURATE HURLED HIS MALLET, AND OUT IT SHOT IN A GRACEFUL ARCHE--
--RIGHT THROUGH THE GLASS LANTERN OF HIS WIFE'S BEAUTIFUL NEW CONSERVATORY!
KREESH
CLUCK
WHOOOPS.
THE FRIGHTENED PULLET DROPPED HER VICTIM (WITHOUT MURDER, FORTUNATELY) AND MADE A FLAPPING LEAP--
CLUCK
CHICKENS?
--ONTO THE TILED ROOF OF A NEIGHBORING HOUSE.
SKATCH
AS JACK WOULD HAVE IT, SHE PUT HER FOOT THROUGH THROUGH A WEAK PLACE IN THE TILES--
--AND DESCENDED, WITH A GOODLY PORTION OF THE ROOF, INTO THE CONTEMPLATIVE PEACE OF MR. BUMPS, THE PARALYTIC...
SHWUMP
CHICKENS--?!
...WHO NEVERTHELESS SCRAMBLED DOWN THE LENGTH OF HIS PARLOR AND OUTDOORS WITHOUT ANY ASSISTANCE WHATSOEVER.
CHICKENS!!
NECESSITY, IT SEEMS, IS ALSO THE MOTHER OF MIRACLES.

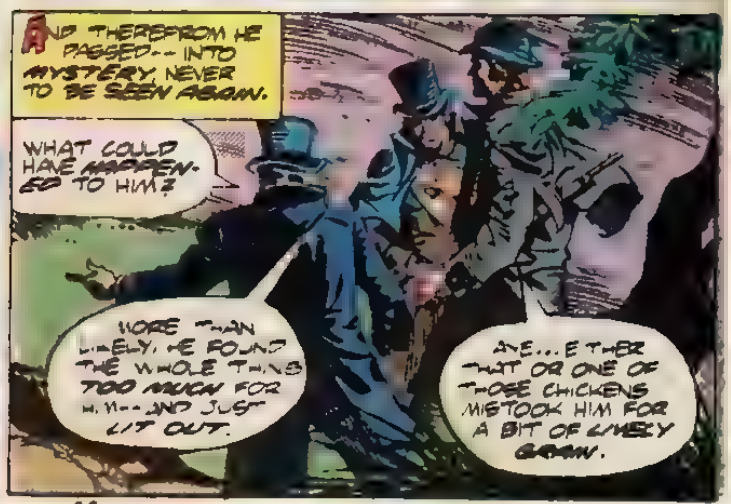
THE BEST OF THE FLOCK STOOD ABOUT FOR A TIME PECKING, CLUCKING AND LOOKING ABSURD...


...UNTIL ALL AVAILABLE MANHOOD OF HICKLEYBROW BEGAN SHOOTING THEM.
BRAM BRAM
BRAM
THEY THEY STARTED LOOKING DEAD

TWO OF THE PULLETS HOWEVER WERE CAUGHT BY A CIRCUS PROPRIETOR...
AH, ME PROUD BEAUTIES-- WITH YOUR SIZE AND MY BIG TOP, WE SHALL GARNER A FORTUNE.
QUITE A DAY FOR HICKLEYBROW... AND GOD HELP THE COUNTRY IF A GIANT ROOSTER EVER JOINED THE CIRCUS.


WHEN UNSAVORY OLD SKINNER GOT OFF THE TRAIN AT URSHOT IT WAS NEARLY DUSK. HE DID NOT KNOW WHERE HIS CHICKENS WERE.
YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ANYTHING ABOUT MY WIFE-- MRS. SKINNER-- HAVE YOU?
WE HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO SO MUCH AS THINK OF HER. BEEN TOO BUSY.. SLAYING GIANT CHICKENS, NO LESS.
URSHOT

OLD MR. SKINNER. HIS MIND SPINNING WITH VISIONS OF MURDEROUS PULLETS, SET OUT OVER THE LONELY FOOTPATH WHICH LED TO THE DIABOLICAL FARM...


AND THEREFROM HE PASSED-- INTO MYSTERY, NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN.
WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM?
MORE THAN LIKELY, HE FOUND THE WHOLE THING TOO MUCH FOR HIM-- AND JUST UP AND OUT.
AYE... EITHER THAT OR ONE OF THOSE CHICKENS MISTOOK HIM FOR A BIT OF LIVELY GRAIN.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, REDWOOD CALLED ON BENSINGTON WITH THREE NEWSPAPERS IN HIS HAND...
ANY FRESH DEVELOPMENTS, REDWOOD?
TWO MEN STUNG BY WASPS NEAR CHARTHAM--THEY NEARLY BLED TO DEATH FROM THE WOUNDS.
DO THE EDITORIAL WRITERS SAY MUCH ABOUT US?
NOT AS MUCH AS YOU'D EXPECT. AT LEAST THEY DON'T DENOUNCE US...LORD KNOWS WHY NOT.
BY THE BY, REDWOOD...HOW IS YOUR BOY?
GROWING. ONLY SIX MONTHS OLD AND HE WEIGHTS NEARLY FIFTY POUNDS, RATHER ALARMING, NATURALLY...
MY WIFE GOES SO FAR AS TO CLAIM IT'S DISTRESSING.
HEALTHY?
VIGOROUS. HIS NURSE IS LEAVING US BECAUSE HE KICKS SO FORCIBLY, AND ALL HIS DIAPERS, OF COURSE, ARE SHOCKINGLY OUTGROWN. WE MAY HAVE TO START HEWING HIS TOYS FROM MY MAHOGANY.
I WOULD'VE THOUGHT YOU'D PUT HIM ON SWIMMING DOSES.
I TRIED--BUT HE HOWLS TO SPLIT YOUR EARS. I HAVE TO GO ON FEEDING HIM.
LORD KNOWS WHAT HE'D DO IF I CUT OFF THE SUPPLY. I SUPPOSE I'M SOMEWHAT INTIMIDATED BY THE TYKE..
THEN HE'LL GROW--AS FAR AS I CAN CALCULATE FROM THE HENS AND WASPS--TO A HEIGHT OF AT LEAST THIRTY-FIVE FEET!
CONFOUND IT, MAN! THINK OF HIS CLOTHES--THE ROOF OF MY HOUSE!

REDWOOD WENT TO BROOD AT THE WINDOW, STARING BLANKLY FOR A TIME... THEN--
GOOD LORD!
WHAT IS IT--?
THE HEADLINE ON A NEWSCART PASSING BY ...I DIDN'T QUITE CATCH... YES, 'GIGANTIC RATS'!!
RUSHING DOWNSTAIRS TWO STEPS AT A TIME, THEY BOUGHT A PAPER AND--
SAYS A DOCTOR IN KENT WAS ATTACKED BY ENORMOUS RATS. HE MANAGED TO ESCAPE...
...BUT THE RATS ATE HIS HORSE!
DO YOU THINK OUR FOOD IS BACKFIRING, BENSINGTON...?
IT WAS THEN THAT COBSAR, A WELL KNOWN CIVIL ENGINEER, FOUND THEM IN THE DOORWAY AND LET HIS INDIGNANCE BE KNOWN...
THIS IS YOUR DOING! WHY DON'T YOU STOP IT?
BUT WHAT ARE WE TO DO--?
DO--? I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO! MARCH RIGHT UP THE STREET TO THE SMITHY'S-- TELL THEM YOU NEED SOMETHING TO SHOOT BUFFALO IF THEY WON'T BELIEVE GIANT RATS. THEN TAKE THE LOT TO CHARING CROSS WHERE I'LL MEET YOU WITH FIVE OR MY CHAPS.
THEN THERE'S THE MAPS-- SULPHUR AND NITRATE WILL SMOKE OUT THEIR NESTS.
AND SO, BY FIVE O' CLOCK THAT EVENING, COBSAR LED THE EXPEDITION INTO SIGHT OF THE EXPERIMENTAL FARM GONE AWRY..
ANY NEWS--?
THE WORST KEEP A'COMIN' AND A'GOIN'...
AYE--LIKE OVERGROWN HAWKS OUT FOR BLOOD.

THE CANARY CREEPER'S GOTTEN INTO THE PINE TREES NOW. YOU CAN ACTUALLY SEE IT GROW EVEN AS YOU WATCH--!
A RAT WAS UP IN THE PINES THIS MORNING -- RABBITING, WE RECKON. UNLESS IT WAS AFTER STAGS.
THE MEN THEN CONTINUED TO THE DESERTED FARMHOUSE WHERE THEY TOOK SOME UNSETTLED REST AND DISCUSSED THE COMING NIGHT'S WORK...
IT'S DECIDED, THEN -- TWO OF MY CHAPS WILL STAND GUARD EVER THE RAT'S HOLE WHILE THE REST OF US DEAL WITH THE WASPS...
AYE AS LONG AS NONE OF THE GIANT VERMIN HAVE THE SAME IDEA.
AND WHEN THE MOON AROSE, THE EXPEDITION STARTED UP THE HILL...
THE RATS ARE SAID TO BE IN THE SIDE OF THE HILL -- AND WASPS IN THE HOLLOW BEYOND.
THEN, WITH THE TWO SENTINELS POSTED BY THE RAT HOLES THE REST CONTINUED ON TOWARD THE WASP NESTS...
HOPE THEY'RE QUICK ABOUT IT EDDIE... CAUSE IF THOSE ARE EYES IN THERE, THEY'RE AS BIG AS MELONS.
AYE.
THEY STUFFED IN THE SULPHUR AND NITRATE, PACKING THE HOLES TIGHTLY...
YES THIS SHOULD WORK
IT HAD BETTER WORK COSSAR -- AND LORD HELP US IF IT ONLY MAKES THEM MAD.

THEN COBRAIR FIRED THE FUSES...
ALL RIGHT-- GET BACK!!
...AND THE OTHERS BOLTED FOR THE COVER OF A BUTTON...
...BEFORE--
PWHOOOW
--THE NEXT BLOOMED FIRE IN THE NIGHT.
FOR A TIME, THE MOONLIGHT HAZE WAS HEAVY WITH A CHOKING BLUE, RISING AND FALLING WITH THE SUCCESSION OF BIZARRE DEATHS...
BZZ Z BLII
THEN, BUT FOR THE SHOUTS OF TRAUMEN AND SLATTON ALL WAS QUIET...
BY JOVE, 'TIS DONE! IT WORKED! THE WASPS ARE ALL DEAD!
A SCREAM?
YAAAA
MAYBE ONE OF THE MATTS... PUT ITS HEAD OUT...
GOOD LORD!! I JUST REALISED... WE LEFT OUR GUNS UP THERE!

EVERYONE DASHED MADLY UP THE HILL -- EVEN AS A SERIES OF SHOTS AND ANOTHER WILD SCREAM SPLIT THE NIGHT...

BLAM BLAM YAAAH

WHEN THEY HAD ALMOST REACHED THE GUNS ONE OF THE TWO SENTINELS MET THEM FULL TILT...

THE RATS.!! THEY ALL CAME OUT TOGETHER -- SIX OR SEVEN OF THEM -- GIANT MONSTERS, I TELL YOU! WE SHOT -- BUT THEY TURNED ON US -- WE HAD TO RUN!

WHAT -- ?

MAKE SOME SENSE, MAN! WHERE'S FLACK -- WHERE'S EDDIE FLACK?!

I...I DON'T KNOW... HE RAN PAST THE NETTLES... FELL DOWN...

THE MAN WAS OBVIOUSLY TERRIFIED...

...SO THE ENTIRE FORCE CAUTIOUSLY ADVANCED ON THE RAT HOLE, WITH THE FORMER SENTINEL KEEPING A GOOD DISTANCE TO THE REAR.

FLACK! FLACK! WHERE ARE YOU, MAN?!!

FLACK DID NOT ANSWER.

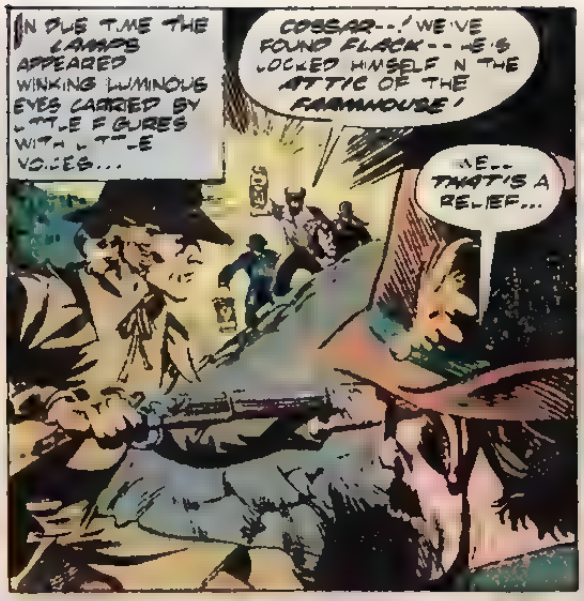
SEE HERE -- THERE WERE NO TRACKS WHEN WE FIRST PASSED. THEY'VE RETURNED TO THEIR DEN...

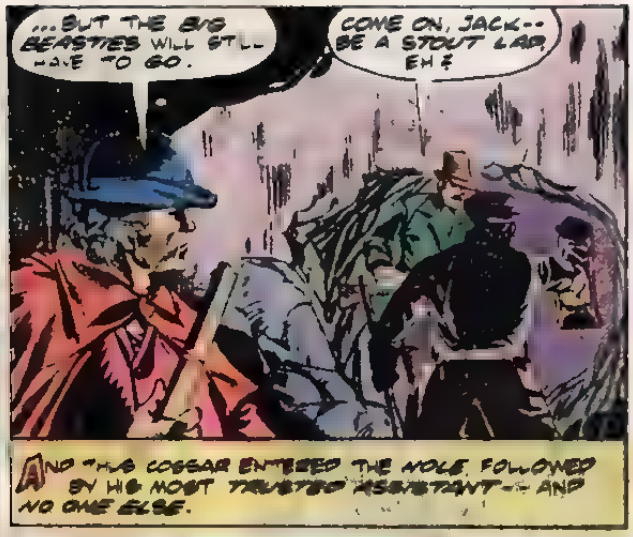
GET THE LAMPS FROM THE CART AND BRING THEM HERE.

YOU'RE GOING... INTO THE.. HOLES?

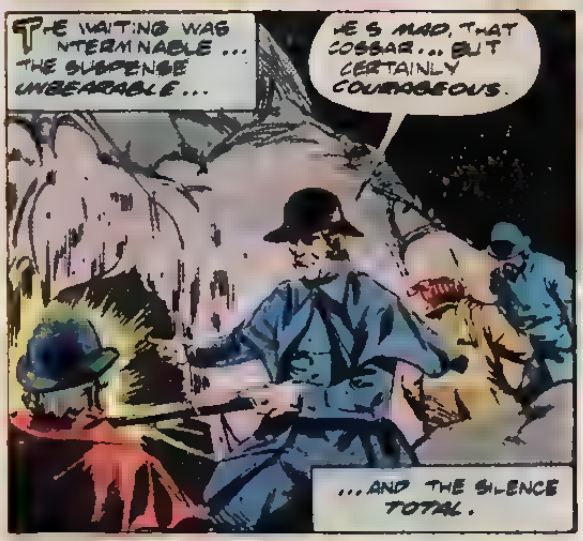
OBVIOUSLY

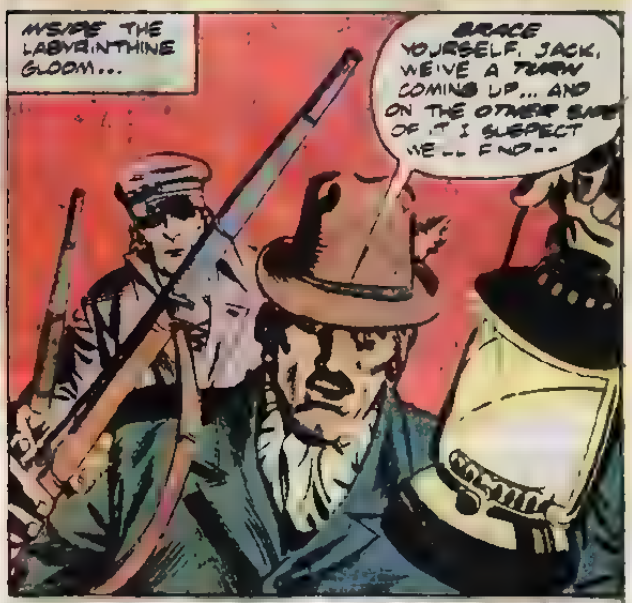
AND COSGAR ACTUALLY SMILED. BUT THEN, EVERYONE HAD ALWAYS SAID HE WAS RATHER ODD.


IN DUE TIME THE LAMPS APPEARED WINKING LUMINOUS EYES CARRIED BY LITTLE FIGURES WITH LITTLE VOICES...
COSSAR--! WE'VE FOUND FLACK--HE'S LOCKED HIMSELF IN THE ATTIC OF THE FARMHOUSE!
AH--THAT'S A RELIEF...



AND THUS COSSAR ENTERED THE HOLE, FOLLOWED BY HIS MOST TRUSTED ASSISTANT--AND NO ONE ELSE.


THE WAITING WAS INTERMINABLE... THE SUSPENSE UNBEARABLE...
HE'S MAD, THAT COSSAR... BUT CERTAINLY COURAGEOUS.
...AND THE SILENCE TOTAL.



VILE, DREAD HORROR FILLED THAT CLAUSTROPHOBIC TUNNEL... AND FOR A MOMENT THE TWO MEN COULD ONLY HOLD THEIR BREATH...
STEADY, JACK... THAT ONE SEEMS TO BE THE LEADER, AND MY GUESS IS THAT HE'S LIABLE TO TAKE A--
-LUNGE!!
KRASH!
FWOOM
SAVE YOUR LAMP, JACK-- IT'S UP TO THE GUNS NOW... BUT WAIT TILL THEY'VE GROUPED CLOSER TOGETHER, WHEN OUR SHOTS WILL DO THE MOST DAMAGE...
SQUEE SKREE
NOW, JACK!!
SQUEE SKREE SKREE
BRAM! BLAM!

OUTSIDE, THE SHOTS SOUNDED LIKE EXPLOSIONS IN A MINE..
BLAM! BRAM!
WELL, THAT'S THAT. WE GOT THE FILTHY DEVILS
WITH IMMENSE RELIEF -- BUT EQUAL DISGUST -- THEY DRAGGED THE GIANT VERMIN CARCASSES DOWN TO THE OVERGROWN NETTLE GROVE...
OBVIOUSLY WE HAVE TO WIPE THIS PLACE OUT..
ABORT THE WHOLE BLIMKIN' FARM -- AS WELL AS THE OVERGROWN VEGETATION AROUND IT. NO LITTER, NO SCANDAL.

They smashed and splintered every available fragment of wood and kindling in the farmhouse...
Carry all the loose wood outside, lads.
And when they had laid trails of chopped wood, connecting the farmhouse to those areas where giant vegetation flourished...
Burn everything! Burn the ground itself and make a clean sweep of this mess--!!
Whoops... I suppose someone had first set flack down out of the attic.
And finally..
...the still dawn erupted with tumultuous crackling.
The men fled, extracting themselves from the ritual cleansing they had started...
They watched from the hill as the smoke and flame poured like a crowd in panic from doors and windows. Soon everything was sheathed in fire and a great column of smoke rushed to greet the sky..
Now it really does look like hell.
In an hour, the men would return to London.

BENSINGTON EVENTUALLY LEARNED THAT COSSAR HAD BEGUN GIVING THE FOOD TO HIS THREE BOYS--AND THAT THE DOCTOR WHO SUPERVISED THE FEEDING OF REDWOOD'S SON HAD BEEN GIVING IT TO SEVERAL OF HIS PATIENTS INCLUDING A FOREIGN PRINCESS...

BUT THEY'LL ALL BE FORTY FEET TALL! IT'LL DESTROY THE PROPORTION OF EVERYTHING! IT'S GOING TO DISLOCATE--

WHATEVER IT DISLOCATES, BENSINGTON, MY SON MUST HAVE THE FOOD TO DISCONTINUE IT WOULD BE MURDER.

PERHAPS--BUT AN AMBITIOUS YOUNG POLITICIAN NAMED CATERHAM HAD ALREADY BEGUN WORKING FOR SUPPRESSION OF THE FOOD...

THEY'RE CALLING IT "BOOMFOOD" NOW--AND CONDEMNING IT. CATERHAM SAYS EVERY PARENT HAS THE RIGHT TO BRING UP CHILDREN IN HIS OWN SIZE.

THAT'S TO BE EXPECTED. AFTER ALL THAT'S GONE WRONG, THERE'S BOUND TO BE AN UPROAR--BUT THE BAD ASPECTS ARE ONLY ON THE FACE OF THE MATTER...

SUPPOSE WE NEVER GET BEYOND THE FACE OF IT, REDWOOD. WE'RE ONLY IN THE DAWN OF THE BEGINNING RIGHT NOW. ALL SORTS OF THINGS WILL FOLLOW--GREAT MONSTROUS THINGS. I CAN'T EVEN IMAGINE THEM.

HMM... TRY THINKING OF JACK AND THE BEANSTALK...

BUT IT SOON BECAME APPARENT THAT BENSINGTON AND REDWOOD HAD A SIZABLE PROBLEM ON THEIR HANDS.

AND WHEN COSSAR DROPPED BY FOR A VISIT THEY TRIED TO MAKE THEIR FEARS CLEAR TO HIM. HE DID NOT AGREE HOWEVER...

YOU FEEL YOU'VE UPSET THINGS? OBVIOUSLY, ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU'RE DESTINED FOR? YOU JUST GO ON AND MAKE AS MUCH OF IT AS YOU CAN--TRY TO REVERSE SENTIMENT...

GET THE PUBLIC TO SEE THE HIDDEN BENEFITS OF YOUR FOOD. AFTER ALL, MY THREE SONS ARE DOING PHENOMENALLY WELL. THEY'RE QUITE BIG ON THE FOOD, ACTUALLY.

UNFORTUNATELY, BENSINGTON AND REDWOOD WERE UNAWARE OF COSSAR'S ARGUMENTS--AND WHEN REDWOOD'S CHILD COMPLETED HIS SIXTH MONTH...

WAAAAAA

KRAS KRUMPT

...HIS CARRIAGE COLLAPSED.

THE BABY WAS EVENTUALLY BROUGHT HOME IN A STRAINING MILK CART.
NEVER SAW A BABY LIKE THIS, MUM!
HE WEIGHTS ONE-HUNDRED-AND-EIGHTY POUNDS.
MMP HIS MOTHER MUST BE A GIANT.
FRESH MILK
AT TWELVE MONTHS, HE MEASURED JUST ONE INCH UNDER SEVEN FEET. HIS SKELETAL FRAME EXCEEDED EVEN MUSCULAR
WAS TAXED TO
THERE GOES THE GREAT BOOMFOOD BABY.
LOOKS HEALTHY, ANYHOW.
AYE-- AND RIDICULOUS.
PRESENTLY, THE CHILD WAS CRAWLING ABOUT HIS NURSERY SMASHING FURNITURE, PINCHING LIKE A VISE, AND PULING DEAFENING BABY TALK...
OH, DEAR--THIS'LL NEVER DO. WE MUST HAVE A SPECIAL NURSERY FOR HIM.
GOO-GOO!!
KRATCH
JOINING FORCES, REDWOOD AND COBBAR CONSTRUCTED A MASSIVE PLAYROOM FOR THEIR FOUR BOYS. IT WAS SIXTY FEET SQUARE AND FORTY FEET HIGH...
WE MUST HAVE EVERYTHING TO KEEP THEM AMUSED--LARGE TOYS, ENORMOUS BOOKS WITH PICTURES BIG ENOUGH FOR THEIR EYES TO SEE AND--
--AND MALLETS OF A SIZE TO MATCH.
THERE WAS A WEAK RAP ON THE DOOR.
--AND, AFTER A STRUGGLE BENSINGTON APPEARED IN THE CRACK..
WELL, I, UH, I STRAINED MY BACK BEING, UH
YES, THE BOYS ARE GOING TO BE BIG, YOU KNOW--ALL OF THEM FEARFULLY
YES, I UH KNOW

SOON THE FOOD BEGAN A SECOND DEMONSTRATION OF ITS CAPACITY FOR LEAKAGE...
THERE ARE GIANT BEETLES AT KESTON-- BIG AS TRUCKS, THEY SAY, BUT TWICE AS MEAN!
IT'S ANTS AND RED SPIDERS AT EALING--WITH DROPPINGS LIKE BOULDERS.
I'VE HEARD THAT GREAT GELS HAVE COME ASHORE AT SUNBURY TO EAT THE SHEEP.. THEY'RE SAYING NESSUS HAS MOVED TO ENGLAND!
HOW LONG BEFORE LONDON IS OVERRUN BY THESE GIANT TINY THINGS--I NOT LONG, I SAY!
IN NO TIME A REMARKABLY LARGE AND UGLY CROWD HAD GATHERED...
IT'S LUNATIC BENSINGTON WHO STARTED ALL THIS!
SO IT WAS! LET'S LYNCH HIM!! HANG HIM 'TILL HIS NECK STRETCHES AS LONG AS ONE OF THOSE GIANT BEETLES!!
IT WAS THE NOISE OF SIMILAR SHOUTS WHICH FIRST ALERTED BENSINGTON TO HIS NEW POSITION IN THE COMMUNITY...
GREAT HEAVENS! THEY'RE AFTER ME--!
I SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THE FOOD MYSELF--AT LEAST THEY'D NEVER HAVE BEEN ABLE TO REACH MY THROAT!
HE WAS DASHING AND DARTING ABOUT THE FLAT IN TERROR WHEN THE FLOOR CLERK CAME IN...
WHAT--? NO! I DIDN'T MEAN TO..
EASY, SIR--IT'S ME. QUICKLY--THERE ISN'T A MOMENT TO SPARE! THEY'RE COMING STRAIGHT UP!
THE FLOOR CLERK BUSTLED BENSINGTON OUT INTO THE HALL...
IN HERE, SIR--THE OPPOSITE FLAT. IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE NOW!

QUICKLY CROSSING THE VACANT FLAT, THE CLERK FLUNG UP A WINDOW WHICH OPENED ONTO A VENTILATION SHAFT AND THE MOST PERILOUS OF LADDERS.
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO CLIMB, SIR.
I UH... WONDER IF FALLING IS BETTER THAN HANGING...
IN DESPERATION THE CLERK SHOVED BENSINGTON OUT THE WINDOW AND PURSUED HIM UP THE IRON RUNGS..
STEADY SIR -- IT'S UP WE WANT!
FINALLY, AFTER BENSINGTON HAD CLIMBED A BIT TOO HIGH, THE CLERK ENTERED THE TOP FLAT'S WINDOW...
THIS IS IT, SIR -- I'LL HAVE TO LOCK YOU IN HERE. WHATEVER YOU DO, JUST DON'T GO TO THE WINDOWS.
I'VE LIVED THROUGH A DOZEN ADMINISTRATIONS, AND THAT'S STILL THE UGLIEST CROWD I'VE EVER SEEN!
THE CLERK HANDSHED WITH A SLAM OF THE DOOR AND BENSINGTON WAS AGAIN LEFT TO HIS OWN INITIATIVE...
IT LED HIM UNDER THE BED.
THERE HE WAS FOUND -- BY COGGAR.
COME ON OUT OF THERE, BENSINGTON -- IT'S ME, AND A GOOD THING I CAUGHT THE FLOOR CLERK.
SINCE THEY COULDN'T FIND YOU, THEY'VE DECIDED TO SET THE PLACE ON FIRE.
HERE -- YOU'RE GOING TO PUT ON THIS DRESS AND BONNET AND CLEAR OUT WITH ME BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.
I... UH, AM...?

AGAIN! YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN BORN AN OLD WOMAN, BENSINGTON!
JUST YOU REMEMBER I'M NOT.
THUS BENSINGTON MINGLED WITH THE ENRAGED MOB, AND MANAGED TO ESCAPE. NEVER AGAIN DID HE MEDDLE WITH THE FOOD OF THE GODS...
HE COULD EASILY DO WITHOUT THIS SORT OF HUMILIATION.
THE CHILDREN WEANED ON THE FOOD GREW NATURALLY-- OR, RATHER, UNNATURALLY. ONE OF THE FIRST OF THEIR NUMBER WAS THE CUDDLES BABY, GRANDSON OF DOWDY MRS. SKINNER, NOW REUNITED WITH HER ERRANT HUSBAND.
I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A CHILD-- THE FRONT WILL SCARCELY ACCOMODATE HIM.
TAKES AFTER HIS GRANDFATHER.
LADY WONDERSHOOT, THE VILLAGE TYRANT WHO HAPPENED TO LIVE UPSTAIRS FROM THE CUDDLES AND SKINNERS, INSPECTED THE PHENOMENON NARROWLY...
AN UNUSUALLY BIG CHILD, HMMM-- I SUPPOSE I SHALL HAVE TO SEND YOU DOWN SOME MORE FLANNEL.
AND WHEN THE CHILD WENT RIGHT ON GROWING...
I'M GLAD YOU SAW FIT TO COME UP AS I INSTRUCTED. IT'S THAT CHILD OF YOURS DOWNSTAIRS AGAIN-- I CAN HEAR HIS THUMPING ALL THE WAY UP HERE.
NO MORE FOOD FOR THE CREATURE --HE EATS LIKE A HIPPOPOTAMUS AND WORSE, DISPOSES OF HIMSELF IN LIKE MANNER!
SCARCELY WAS THE SUPPLY OF MIRACULOUS FOOD CUT OFF WHEN MR SKINNER BROUGHT THE NEWS THAT HIS AMAZING GRANDSON HAD POSITIVELY BURST OUT OF HIS CHARITY CLOTHING...
THE BUTTONS FLEW OFF WITH SUCH VIOLENCE, LADY WONDERSHOOT, THAT ONE BROKE A PANE OF THE WINDOW-- AND THE LADY STILL GOT A WELT ACROSS HIS CHEST FROM A FLYING SHRED OF TROUSER LEG.

IT'S HIS APPETITE MY LADYSHIP. YOU CAN'T STOP HIM FROM EATING THE FOOD. HE LIES THERE AND KICKS AND HOWLS -- FAIRLY DEMOLISHES THE NURSERY.

BESIDES, HE'S NOT YOUR BABY, MUM -- WHY SHOULD YOU HAVE ANY SAY IN WHAT HE EATS OR HOW MUCH?

WELL!

AND SO, THE CADDLES CHILD CONTINUED TO GROW. TROUBLESOME AND OUT OF PLACE EVERYWHERE, HE COULD NOT ATTEND SCHOOL OR CHURCH -- ALTHOUGH HE SOMETIMES SAT OUTSIDE AND LISTENED...

A SHADOWY SLIGHT TO THOSE WHO APPRECIATED SUNLIGHT STREAMING THROUGH STAINED GLASS.

NOT ALLOWED ON THE ROAD, HE WANDERED THROUGH THE INSIGNIFICANT FORESTS, BUT AFTER A TIME SIGNS AND FENCES (PUT UP BY CONSERVATIONISTS) BARRED HIM IN EVERY DIRECTION...

OUT OF BOUNDS

THERE'S NOWHERE I CAN PLAY NOW...

AND, OF COURSE, HE HAD HIS REALLY BAD DAYS...

ONCE HE INNOCENTLY DAMMED THE RIVER JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT... AND NEARLY WASHED AWAY ANNIE BANKS AND HER BARREL...

HEARING OF THE FLOOD, LADY WONDERSHOOT IMMEDIATELY ISSUED AN ULTIMATUM...

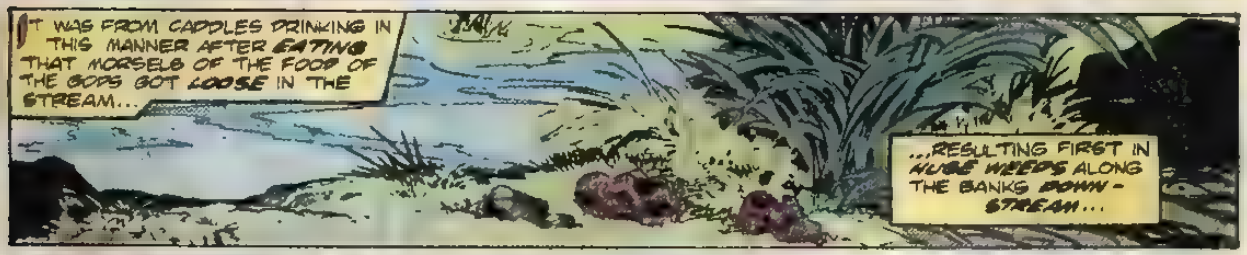
THIS CREATURE OF YOURS MUST WORK FOR A LIVING! WE MUST KEEP HIM EMPLOYED AND OUT OF MISCHIEF!

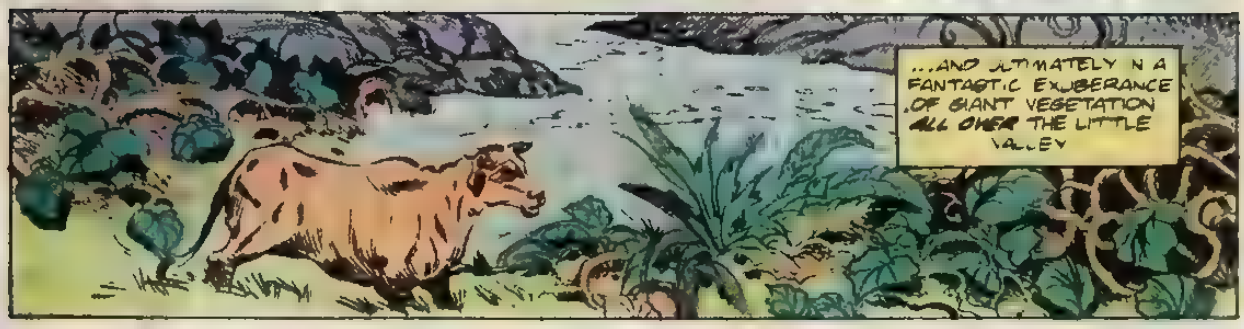
WELL, WHY NOT PUT HIM TO WORK IN YOUR GAMUK QUARRY AT THURSLEY--? HE'LL DO THE JOB OF A DOZEN CARTS--AND THE SAME NUMBER OF OXEN.

SO CADDLES WORKED -- FIRST WITH THE ZEST OF A CHILD AT PLAY, AND LATER BY RIGHT - DELVING, LOADING, HAULING...

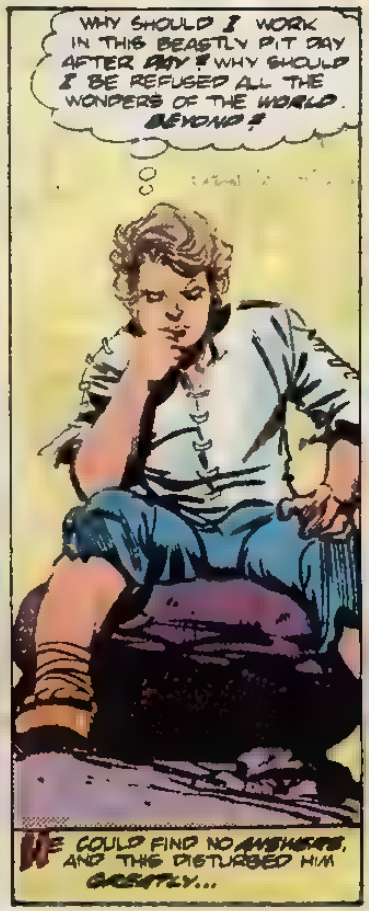
...WORKING THE ENTIRE QUARRY SINGLE-HANDED.

HIS FOOD WAS BROUGHT TO HIM TWICE A DAY IN RAILWAY TRUCKS. FOR DRINK, HE PUT HIS FACE DOWN TO A STREAM.
NEIGHBORING FARMERS PRAYED FOR MORE RAIN.


IT WAS FROM CADDLES DRINKING IN THIS MANNER AFTER EATING THAT MORSELS OF THE FOOD OF THE GODS GOT LOOSE IN THE STREAM...
...RESULTING FIRST IN HUGE WEEDS ALONG THE BANKS DOWN-STREAM...


...AND ULTIMATELY IN A FANTASTIC EXUBERANCE OF GIANT VEGETATION ALL OVER THE LITTLE VALLEY

AS CADDLES GREW OLDER, HE INEVITABLY BEGAN TO INQUIRE INTO THE ORDER OF THINGS -- TO THINK.
IF IT'S GOOD TO WORK, AS THEY CLAIM, THEN WHY DOESN'T EVERYONE WORK? AND WHAT IS WORK FOR--?


WHY SHOULD I WORK IN THIS BEASTLY PIT DAY AFTER DAY? WHY SHOULD I BE REFUSED ALL THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD BEYOND?
HE COULD FIND NO ANSWERS, AND THIS DISTURBED HIM GREATLY...

EVEN AS CADDLES MUSED IN HIS CHALK PIT ALL OF LONDON BUZZED WITH EXCITEMENT OVER THE COMING ELECTION...
IT'S JOLLY WELL TIME CATERHAM TURNED ON THE POWER OF THE GOVERNMENT!
YES, WE'LL PUT AN END TO THIS DESPICABLE BOOMFOOD!
KICK THE

AT A HUGE MASS MEETING THE POLITICIAN CATERHAM ROSE AND SPOKE WITH FIRE OF ANCIENT INSTITUTIONS AND THE ANCIENT SPIRIT OF ORDER AND JUSTICE...

IF I AM ELECTED, I VOW TO RESTRICT THE GIANTS! THEY HAVE NO PLACE IN THE SIZE AND SCHEME OF THIS WORLD!

BRAVO! WE NEED MORE FOR US.

THE GIANT KILLER

THEY CALL IT THE FOOD OF THE GODS--BUT I TELL YOU IT'S THE NOURISHMENT OF SATAN, AND IT'S SPAWNING A RACE OF UNHOLY DEMONS!

AND I ASK YOU-- ARE ALL THESE DEMONS TO GO INTO THE MELTING POT BECAUSE TWO MEN IN LONDON TWENTY YEARS AGO SAW FIT TO MIX SOME MAGICAL GUNK IN A BOTTLE?!

GIANT KILLER

NO!! DOWN WITH BOOMFOOD!

NO!

UP WITH JOHN CATERHAM! DOWN WITH GIANTS!!

JOHN CATERHAM WAS THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE. GIANTS, HOWEVER DEFINITELY WERE NOT.

MEANWHILE, THE THREE SONS OF OSSIAC HAD GROWN TO BE THE TALLEST AND STRONGEST OF ALL THE CHILDREN OF THE FOOD. THE ELDEST WAS A MIGHTY SCHEMER OF WHEELED ENGINES, AND HAD MADE HIMSELF A SORT OF GIANT BICYCLE...

NOW WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A ROAD FOR IT.

OH, THAT'LL BE EASY--WE'LL JUST TEAR DOWN THE FOREST.

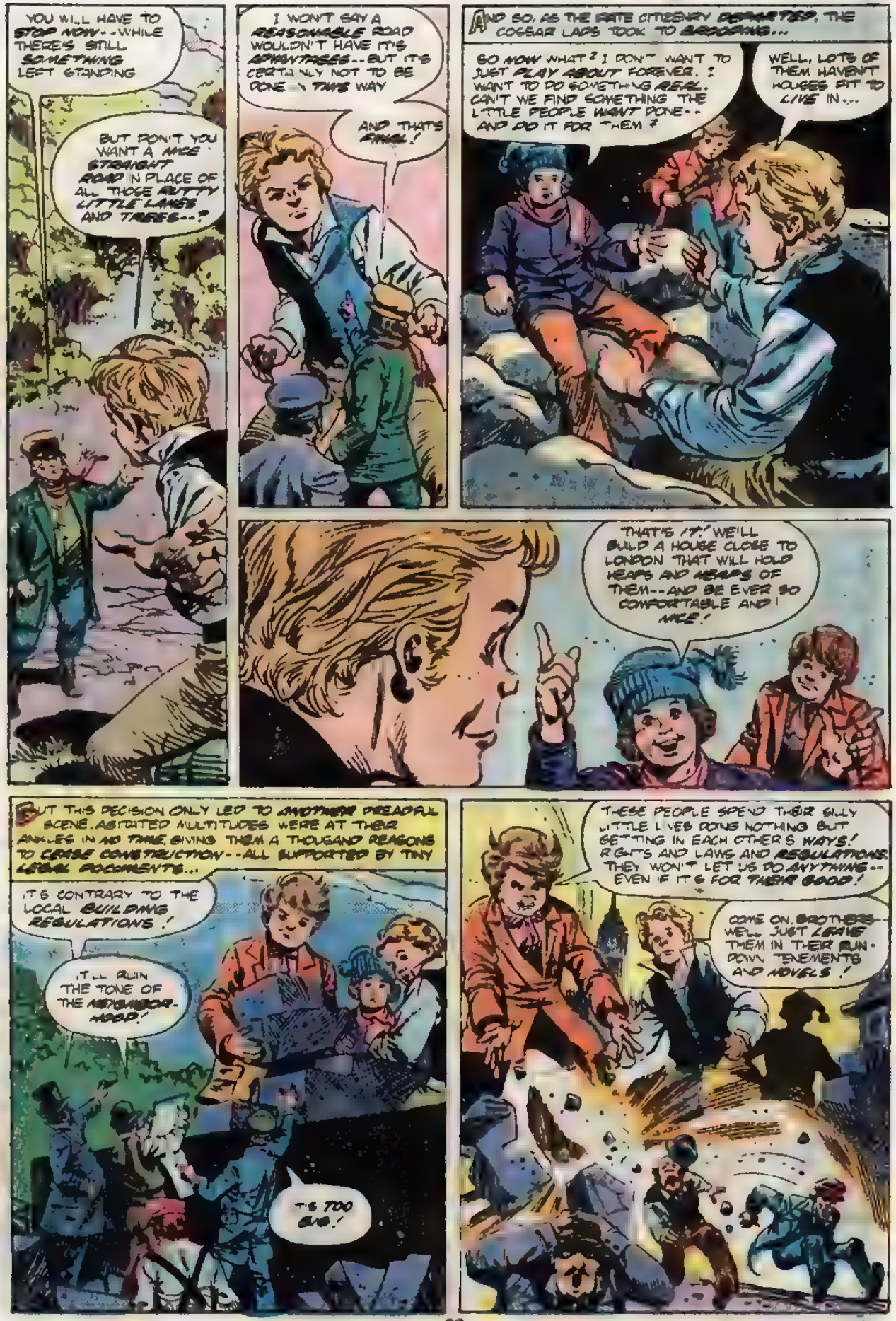
SO THEY GET TO WORK AT DAWN--AND WERE STOPPED BEFORE NOONDAY...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "HALT, DEMONS"--? WE'RE ONLY MAKING A ROAD.

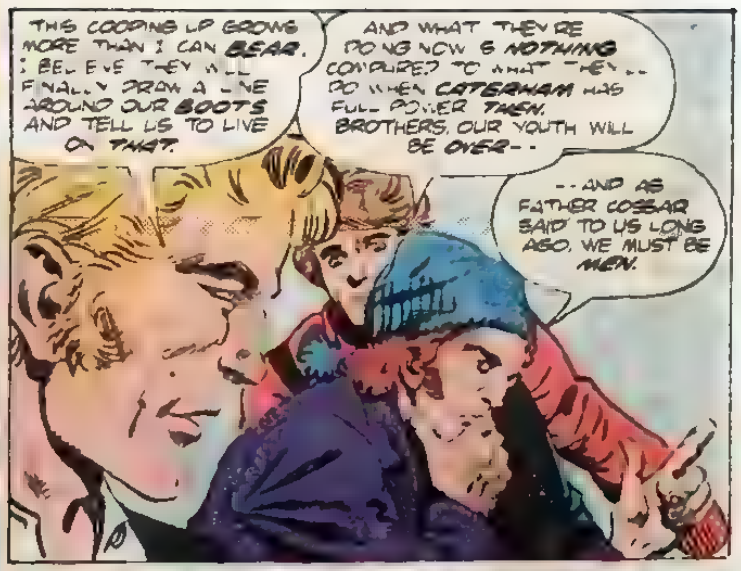
A ROAD YOU CALL IT?! YOU'RE MAKING A RUDDY MESS OF WHAT WAS ONCE A FINE FOREST!

MAKE A ROAD IF YOU MUST, BUT RESPECT THE RIGHTS OF OTHER PEOPLE! YOU'VE ALREADY INFRINGED ON THE RIGHTS OF TWENTY-SEVEN PRIVATE LANDOWNERS--

--NOT TO MENTION THE PROPERTY OF AN URBAN DISTRICT BOARD, NINE PARISH COUNCILS, TWO GAS WORKS, AND A RAIL-WAY COMPANY!

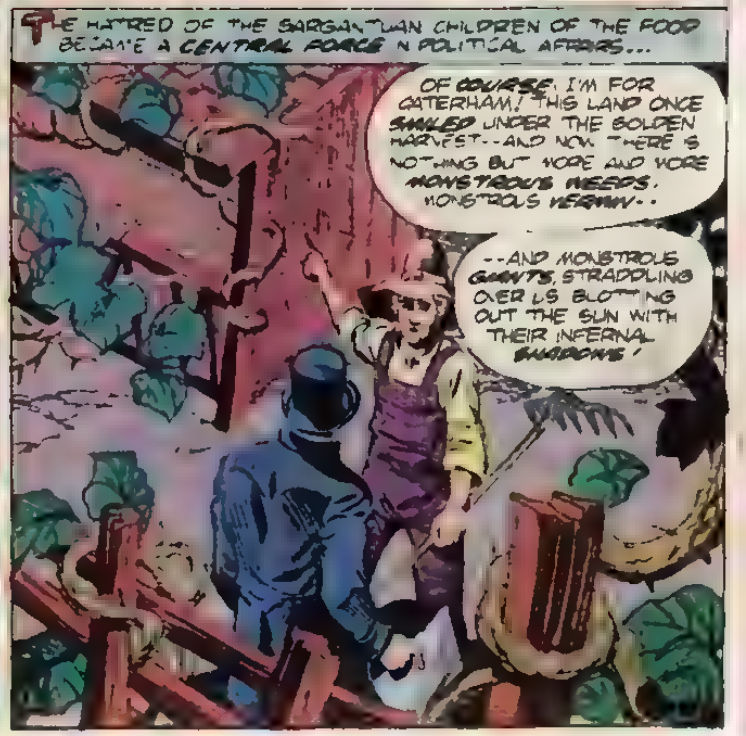

YOU WILL HAVE TO STOP NOW--WHILE THERE'S STILL SOMETHING LEFT STANDING
BUT DON'T YOU WANT A NICE STRAIGHT ROAD IN PLACE OF ALL THOSE NUTTY LITTLE LANES AND TREES--?
I WON'T SAY A REASONABLE ROAD WOULDN'T HAVE IT'S ADVANTAGES--BUT IT'S CERTAINLY NOT TO BE DONE THIS WAY
AND THAT'S FINAL!
AND SO, AS THE ENTIRE CITIZENRY DEPARTED, THE COCKAR LADS TOOK TO LOOKING...
SO NOW WHAT? I DON'T WANT TO JUST PLAY ABOUT FOREVER. I WANT TO DO SOMETHING REAL. CAN'T WE FIND SOMETHING THE LITTLE PEOPLE WANT DONE--AND DO IT FOR THEM?
WELL, LOTS OF THEM HAVEN'T HOUSES FIT TO LIVE IN...
THAT'S IT! WE'LL BUILD A HOUSE CLOSE TO LONDON THAT WILL HOLD HEAPS AND HEAPS OF THEM--AND BE EVER SO COMFORTABLE AND NICE!
BUT THIS DECISION ONLY LED TO ANOTHER DREADFUL SCENE. AGITATED MULTITUDES WERE AT THEIR ANKLES IN NO TIME, GIVING THEM A THOUSAND REASONS TO CEASE CONSTRUCTION--ALL SUPPORTED BY TINY LEGAL DOCUMENTS...
IT'S CONTRARY TO THE LOCAL BUILDING REGULATIONS!
IT'LL RUIN THE TONE OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD!
IT'S TOO BIG!
THESE PEOPLE SPEND THEIR SILLY LITTLE LIVES DOING NOTHING BUT GETTING IN EACH OTHER'S WAYS! RIGHTS AND LAWS AND REGULATIONS. THEY WON'T LET US DO ANYTHING--EVEN IF IT'S FOR THEIR GOOD!
COME ON, BROTHERS--WE'LL JUST LEAVE THEM IN THEIR RUN-DOWN TENEMENTS AND HOVELS!

EVENTUALLY THE SONS WERE NEARLY MEN. AS THEY HAD GROWN AND THE FOOD HAD SPREAD AND . . . . . THINGS HAD MULTIPLIED THE TENSION HAD KEPT PACE. .
THEY'VE MADE THE WOODS THIS SIDE OF IGHTHAM OUT OF BOUNDS FOR US.
YES--THEY'RE CUTTING US OFF FROM FREND REDWOOD.

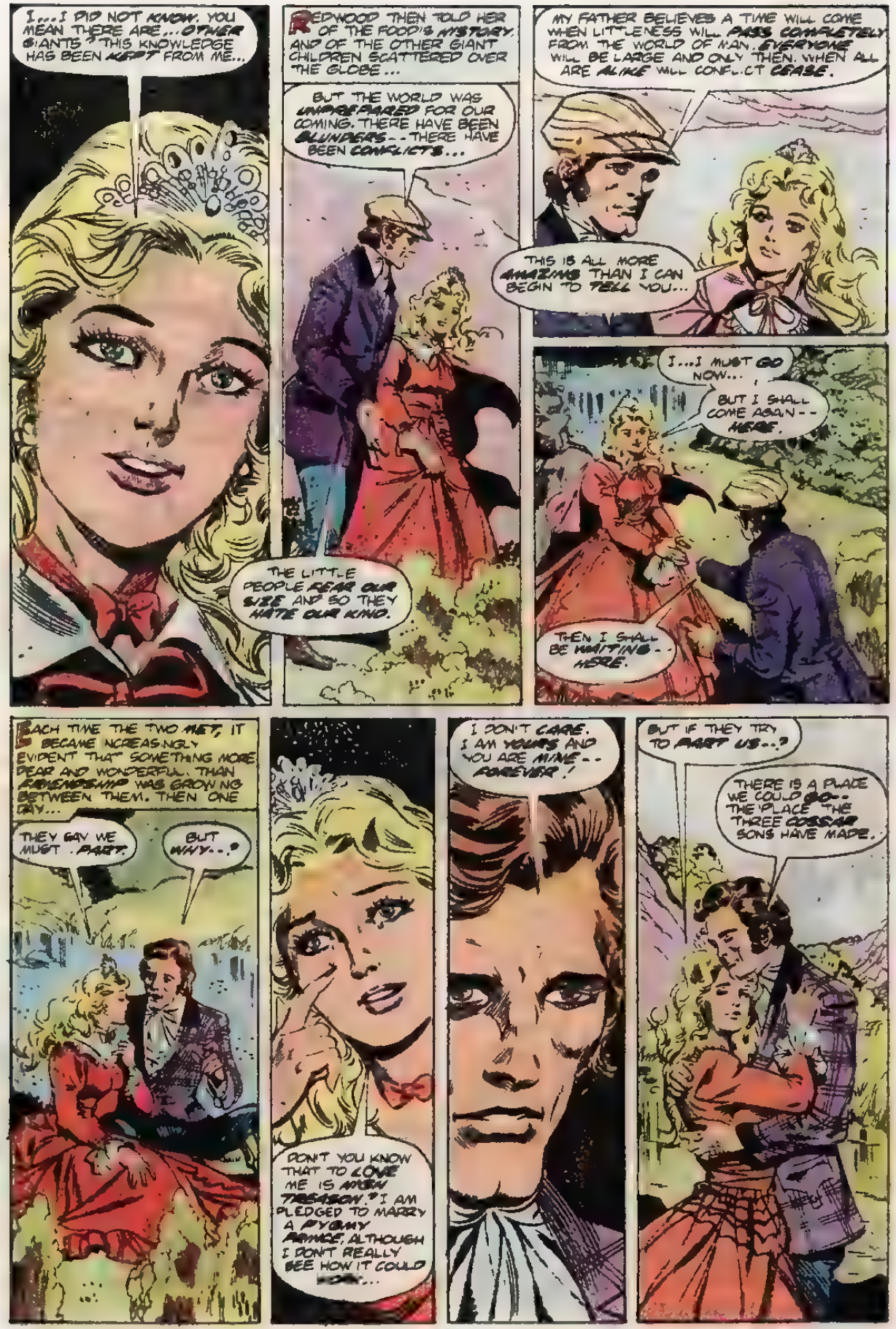

THIS COOPING UP GROWS MORE THAN I CAN BEAR. I BELIEVE THEY WILL FINALLY DRIVE A LINE AROUND OUR BOOTS AND TELL US TO LIVE ON THAT.
AND WHAT THEY'RE DOING NOW IS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT THEY'LL DO WHEN CATERHAM HAS FULL POWER THEN, BROTHERS, OUR YOUTH WILL BE OVER--
--AND AS FATHER COSBAR SAID TO US LONG AGO, WE MUST BE MEN.

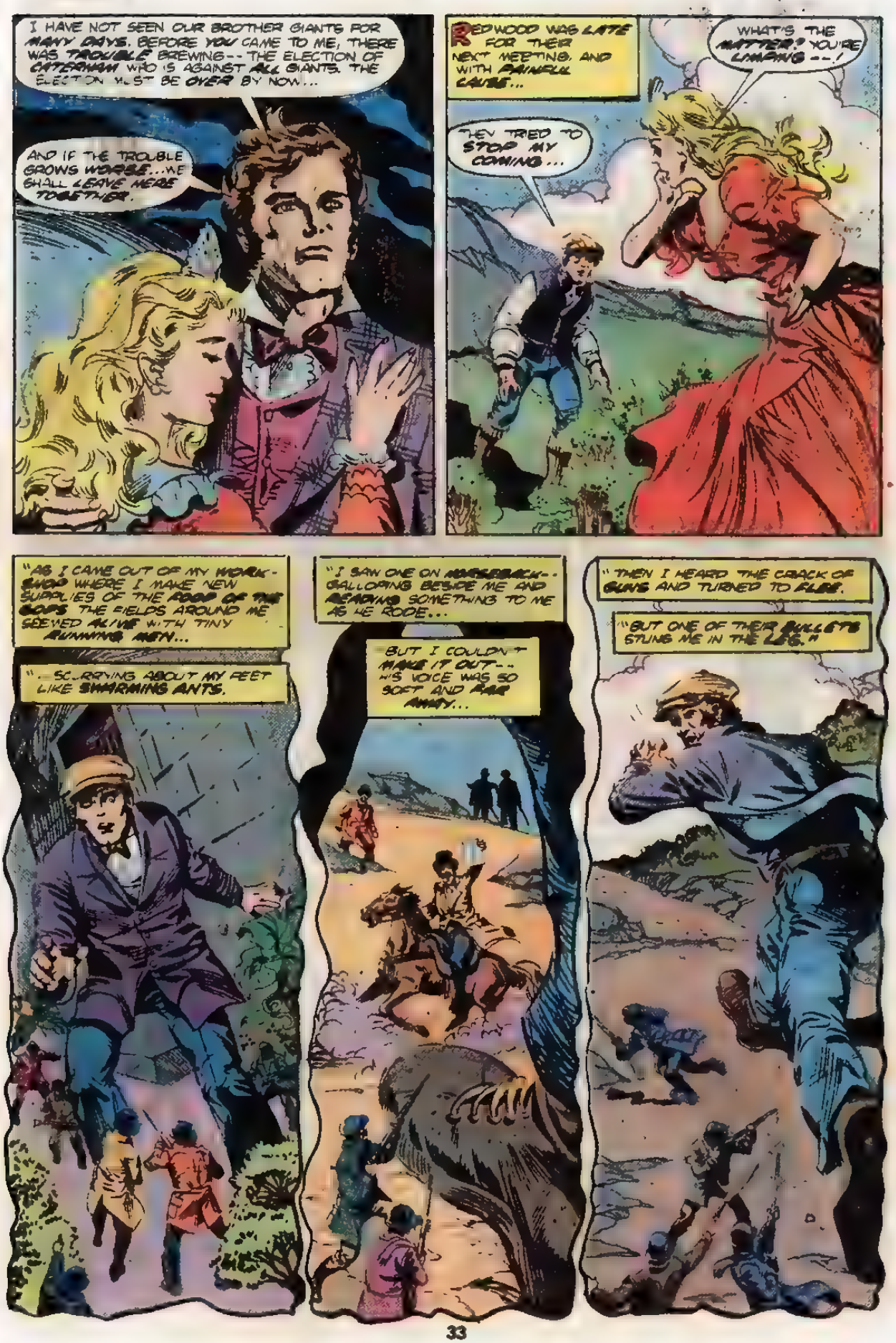
THE NORMAL PEOPLE ARE LITTLE, BUT THEY HAVE NUMBERS BEYOND COUNTING
AND THEY HAVE ARMS. BESIDES WHAT DO WE KNOW OF FIGHTING AND KILLING--?

EVERYTHING YOU SAY IS TRUE, BROTHERS--BUT FOR ALL THAT, WE ARE WHAT WE ARE EVEN IF WE NEVER ASKED TO BE IT.
WHEN THE DAY OF TROUBLE COMES, WE MUST DO THE THINGS WE HAVE TO DO


THE HATRED OF THE SARGANTUAN CHILDREN OF THE FOOD BECAME A CENTRAL FORCE IN POLITICAL AFFAIRS...
OF COURSE, I'M FOR CATERHAM! THIS LAND ONCE SMILED UNDER THE GOLDEN HARVEST--AND NOW THERE IS NOTHING BUT HOPE AND MORE MONSTROUS WEEDS, MONSTROUS VERMIN--
--AND MONSTROUS GIANTS, STRADDLING OVER US BLOTTING OUT THE SUN WITH THEIR INFERNAL SHADOWS!

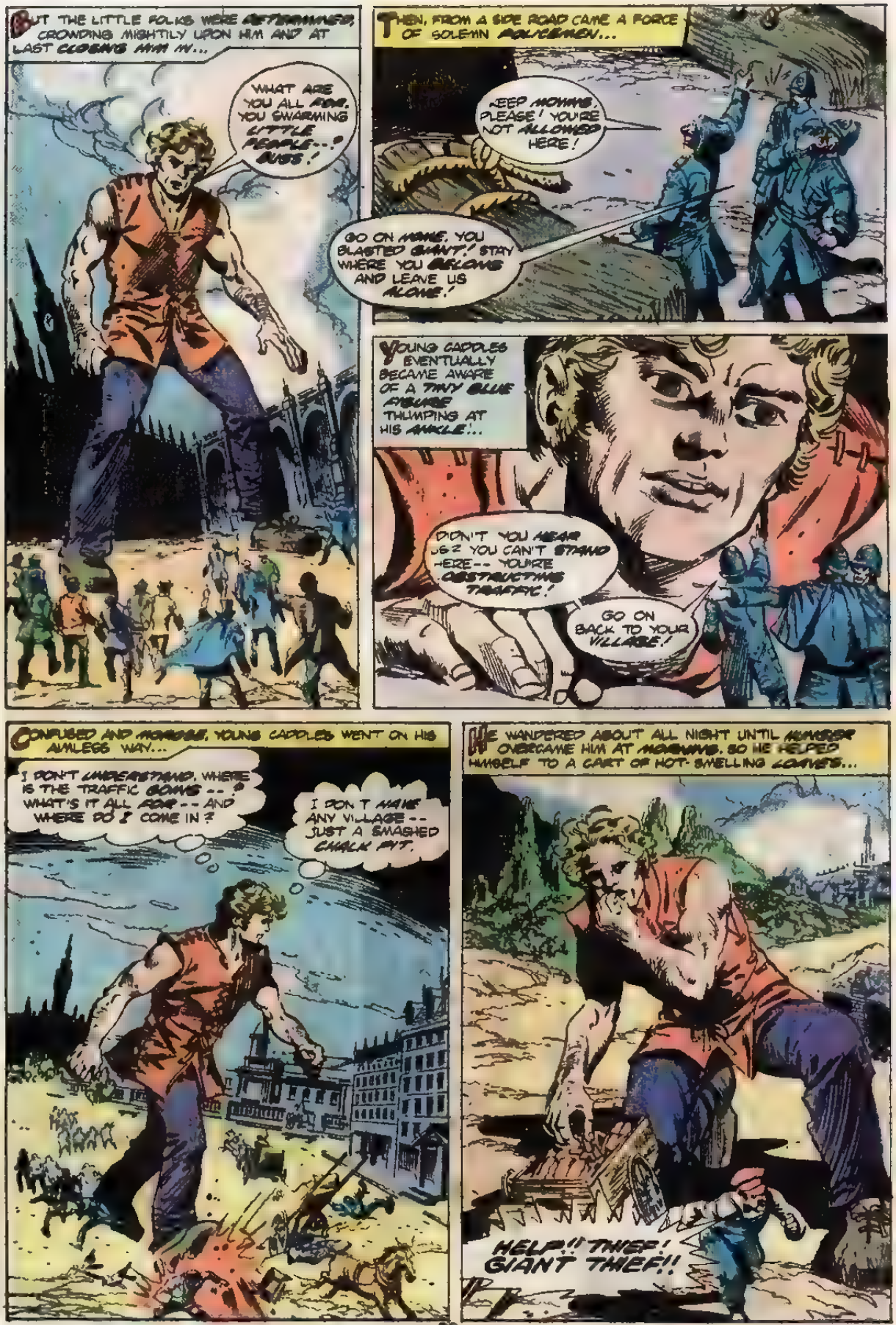
SEE HERE--? ONE OF THEIR FOOTPRINTS--YOU COULD SWIM IN IT! IT'S SMASHED THREE FEET DEEP AND MORE--A PITFALL FOR HORSES AND RIDERS!
ALL OVER THE WORLD, THE GIANTS ARE TRAMPLING ON ALL THINGS!
AND WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO SEE DONE ABOUT IT?
I WANT IT STOPPED--BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! THESE GIANTS ARE STILL SCATTERED--STILL IMMATURE AND DISORGANIZED. WE MUST CHAIN AND MUZZLE THEM NOW!
AND STOP THE FOOD--LOCK UP THE MEN WHO MAKE IT!
HMM... IT'LL BE A MIGHTY EFFORT...
FOR A MIGHTY END! WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO--?! TELL THAT TO YOUR CANDIDATE!
AND YOU CAN ALSO TELL CATERHAM THAT IF HE VOWS TO DO IT, HE HAS MY VOTE!
NOW IT HAPPENED THAT THE GIANT PRINCESS WHO HAD BEEN GIVEN THE FOOD CAME TO ENGLAND. AS SHE WAS WALKING IN THE PARK, YOUNG REDHOOD CHANCED UPON HER..
YOU MUST BE THE FOREIGN PRINCESS MY FATHER TOLD ME ABOUT...
OH! YOU'RE SO... BIG!
YES, I AM THE PRINCESS... BUT WHO ARE YOU?
I AM THE SON OF THE MAN WHO MADE THE FOOD OF THE GODS... AT YOUR SERVICE.

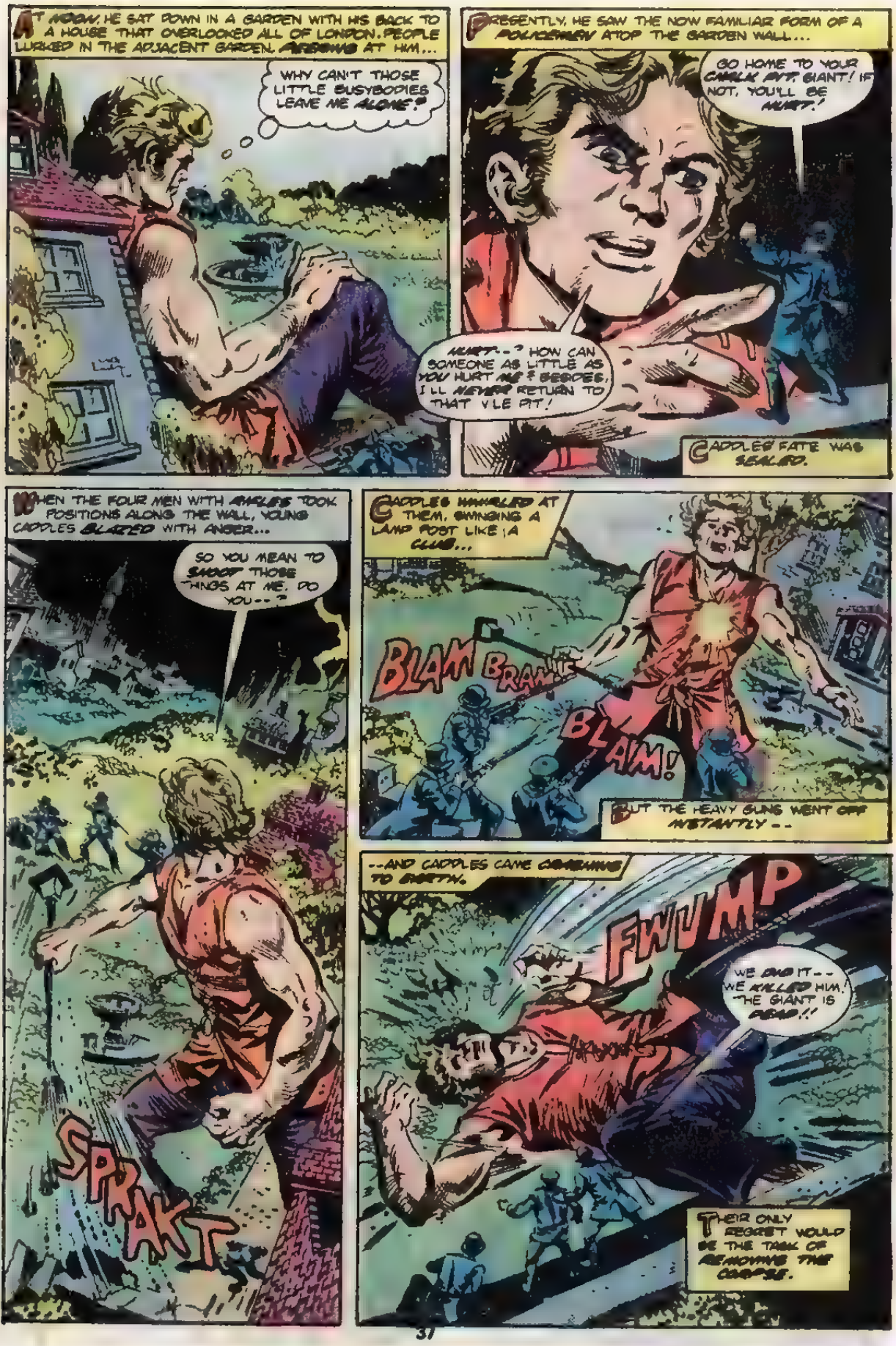

I...I DID NOT KNOW. YOU MEAN THERE ARE...OTHER GIANTS? THIS KNOWLEDGE HAS BEEN KEPT FROM ME...
REDWOOD THEN TOLD HER OF THE FOOD'S MYSTORY. AND OF THE OTHER GIANT CHILDREN SCATTERED OVER THE GLOBE...
BUT THE WORLD WAS UNPREPARED FOR OUR COMING. THERE HAVE BEEN BLUNDERS--THERE HAVE BEEN CONFLICTS...
THE LITTLE PEOPLE FEAR OUR SIZE AND SO THEY HATE OUR KIND.
MY FATHER BELIEVES A TIME WILL COME WHEN LITTLENESS WILL PASS COMPLETELY FROM THE WORLD OF MAN. EVERYONE WILL BE LARGE AND ONLY THEN, WHEN ALL ARE ALIKE WILL CONFLICT CEASE.
THIS IS ALL MORE AMAZING THAN I CAN BEGIN TO TELL YOU...
I...I MUST GO NOW...
BUT I SHALL COME AGAIN--HERE.
THEN I SHALL BE WAITING--HERE.
EACH TIME THE TWO MET, IT BECAME INCREASINGLY EVIDENT THAT SOMETHING MORE DEAR AND WONDERFUL THAN FRIENDSHIP WAS GROWING BETWEEN THEM. THEN ONE DAY...
THEY SAY WE MUST PART.
BUT WHY...?
DON'T YOU KNOW THAT TO LOVE ME IS AKIN TREASON? I AM PLEDGED TO MARRY A PYGMY PRINCE, ALTHOUGH I DON'T REALLY SEE HOW IT COULD WORK...
I DON'T CARE. I AM YOURS AND YOU ARE MINE--FOREVER!
BUT IF THEY TRY TO PART US...?
THERE IS A PLACE WE COULD GO--THE PLACE THE THREE CORSAIR SONS HAVE MADE.


I HAVE NOT SEEN OUR BROTHER GIANTS FOR MANY DAYS. BEFORE YOU CAME TO ME, THERE WAS TROUBLE BREWING -- THE ELECTION OF CATERHAM WHO IS AGAINST ALL GIANTS. THE ELECTION MUST BE OVER BY NOW...
AND IF THE TROUBLE GROWS WORSE...WE SHALL LEAVE HERE TOGETHER.
REDWOOD WAS LATE FOR THEIR NEXT MEETING, AND WITH PAINFUL CAUSE...
WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU'RE LIMPING --!
THEY TRIED TO STOP MY COMING...
"AS I CAME OUT OF MY HOVEL-SHED WHERE I MAKE NEW SUPPLIES OF THE ROOT OF THE BOOS THE FIELDS AROUND ME SEEMED ALIVE WITH TINY RUNNING MEN...
"...SCURRYING ABOUT MY FEET LIKE SWARMING ANTS.
"I SAW ONE ON HORSEBACK-- GALLOPING BESIDE ME AND READING SOMETHING TO ME AS HE RODE...
BUT I COULDN'T MAKE IT OUT... HIS VOICE WAS SO SOFT AND FAR AWAY...
"THEN I HEARD THE CRACK OF GUNS AND TURNED TO FLEE.
"BUT ONE OF THEIR BULLETS STUNG ME IN THE LEG."

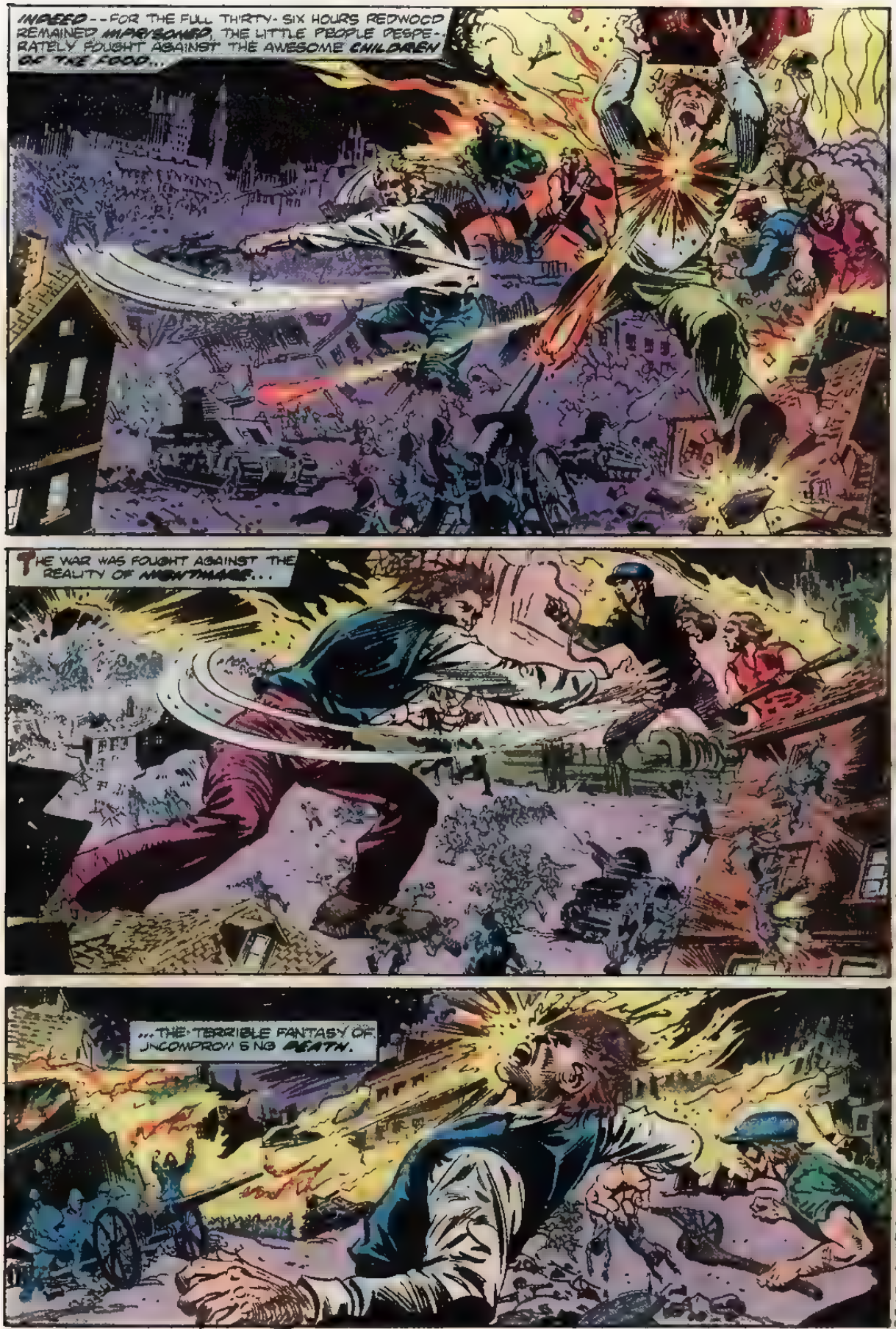
THEY'VE MADE OUR CHOICE FOR US -- YOU MUST COME WITH ME TO OUR BROTHERS NOW.
BUT I ... YES. I WILL GO. AND IF I'M CLOSE TO YOU, PERHAPS THEY WON'T SHOOT...
SHE WAS WRONG.
AND SO, HAND IN HAND, THEY STRODE FORTH TOWARD THE CAMP OF REFUGE BUILT BY THE SONS OF COSSAR...
...BUT AS THEY CROSSED A MEADOW, A GROUP OF HORSEMEN BURST FROM THE TREES BEFORE THEM...
THERE'S THE FIEND--AND HE'S GOT ANOTHER WITH HIM!
STOP THEM!!
TO THE NORTH WERE HOUSES AND MORE MEN WITH GUNS. THE PAIR TURNED TO THE SOUTH...
COME ON! IF THEY SHOOT, IT WILL ONLY STING FOR A WHILE..
OH DO YOU THINK THEY REALLY WILL...?
THE PRINCESS' QUESTION WAS ANSWERED AS THEY FLED AMIDST A HAIL OF WHINING BULLETS...
I FEEL LIKE STEPPING ON THE LITTLE TWITS--BUT WE CAN EASILY OUTDISTANCE THEM...
COME ON--THIS WAY, AND THEN WE'LL CIRCLE AROUND TO THE COSSARS CAMP.
AND SO DID IT BEGIN, THE MOST PORTENTOUS ERA IN HUMAN HISTORY--IN THE FLIGHT OF THE HORRIBLE FROM THE HUMAN.

UNAWARE OF THIS TREND IN EVENTS YOUNG CADDLE'S CHOSE THIS TIME TO LEAVE HIS VILE CHALK PIT AND SEE THE WORLD...
BAH! WHY SHOULD I WORK IN THIS DUSTY HOLE DAY AFTER DAY ? I WON'T !!
KRUMP!
HE WAS RED UP, AND WENT BERSERK WITH RAGE...
WHAT HAVE I DONE TO BE CONDEMNED TO THIS -- ?
SKRASH!
D G BLOODY CHALK FOR GOD KNOWS WHAT FOOLISH PURPOSE !
NOT ME!!
SPRAM
FIVE MINUTES LATER, SATISFIED THAT NOTHING MORE COULD BE DESTROYED, CADDLE STROLLED OUT ONTO THE WORLD
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING BETTER ...AND BY GOD, I'LL FIND IT !
BY CHANCE HE TURNED HIS FACE TO LONDON, THE CITY HE HAD NEVER REALLY SEEN.
IT SIGNIFIED NOTHING TO HIM THAT POLICEMEN SHOOK TRUNCHEONS AT HIM WITH CATERHAM'S NEW LAW AGAINST - TRACTING CRANES..

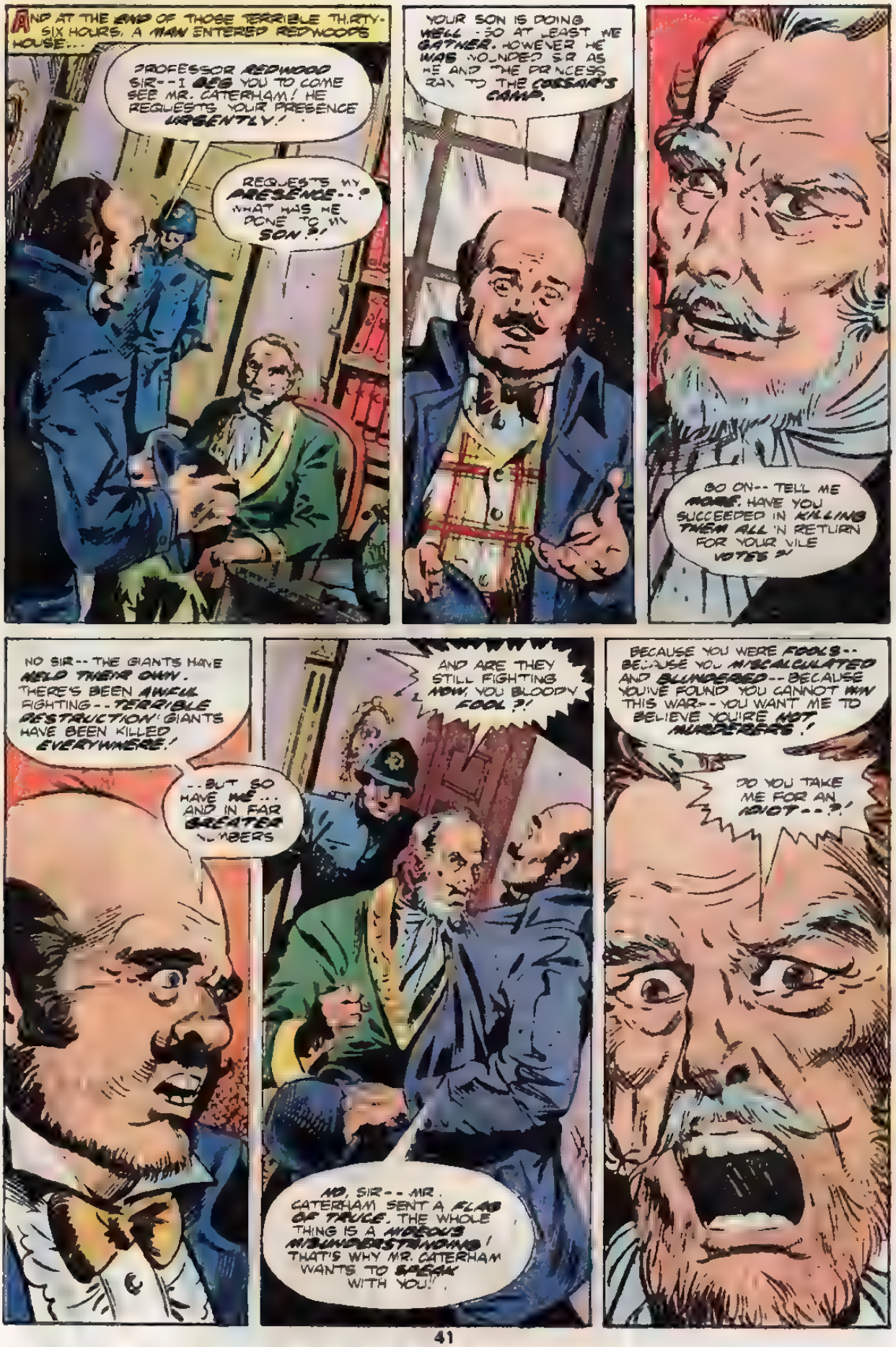

But the little folks were afterwards, crowding mightily upon him and at last closing him in...
What are you all for, you swarming little people...? Buss!
Then, from a side road came a force of solemn policemen...
Keep moving, please! You're not allowed here!
Go on home, you blasted giant! Stay where you belong and leave us alone!
Young Caddles eventually became aware of a tiny blue figure thumping at his ankle!..
Didn't you hear us? You can't stand here -- you're obstructing traffic!
Go on back to your village!
Confused and miserable, young Caddles went on his aimless way...
I don't understand. Where is the traffic going -- ? What's it all for -- and where do I come in?
I don't have any village -- just a smashed chalk pit.
He wandered about all night until hunger overcame him at morning. So he helped himself to a cart of hot-smelling loaves...
Help!! Thief! Giant thief!!

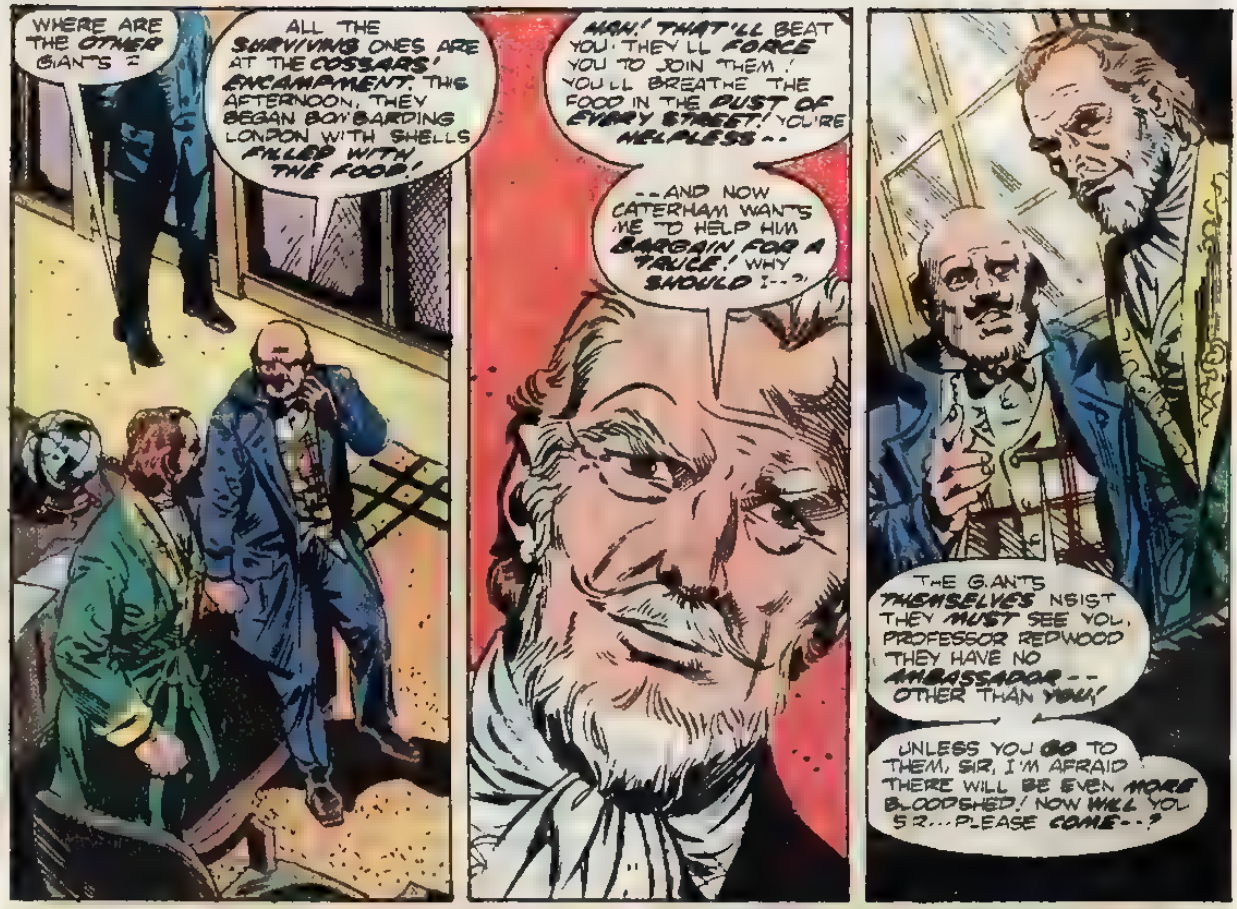

AT NOON, HE SAT DOWN IN A GARDEN WITH HIS BACK TO A HOUSE THAT OVERLOOKED ALL OF LONDON. PEOPLE LURKED IN THE ADJACENT GARDEN, ARMED AT HIM...
WHY CAN'T THOSE LITTLE BUSYBODIES LEAVE ME ALONE?
PRESENTLY, HE SAW THE NOW FAMILIAR FORM OF A POLICEMAN ATOP THE GARDEN WALL...
GO HOME TO YOUR CHALK PIT, GIANT! IF NOT, YOU'LL BE HURT!
HURT--? HOW CAN SOMEONE AS LITTLE AS YOU HURT ME? BESIDES, I'LL NEVER RETURN TO THAT VILE PIT!
CADDLES' FATE WAS SEALED.
WHEN THE FOUR MEN WITH RIFLES TOOK POSITIONS ALONG THE WALL, YOUNG CADDLES BLAZED WITH ANGER...
SO YOU MEAN TO SHOOT THOSE THINGS AT ME, DO YOU--?
SPRAK
CADDLES HANDLED AT THEM, SWINGING A LAMP POST LIKE A CLUB...
BLAM BRAM
BLAM!
BUT THE HEAVY GUNS WENT OFF INSTANTLY--
--AND CADDLES CAME CRASHING TO EARTH.
FWUMP
WE DID IT-- WE KILLED HIM. THE GIANT IS DEAD!!
THEIR ONLY REGRET WOULD BE THE TASK OF REMOVING THE CORPSE.

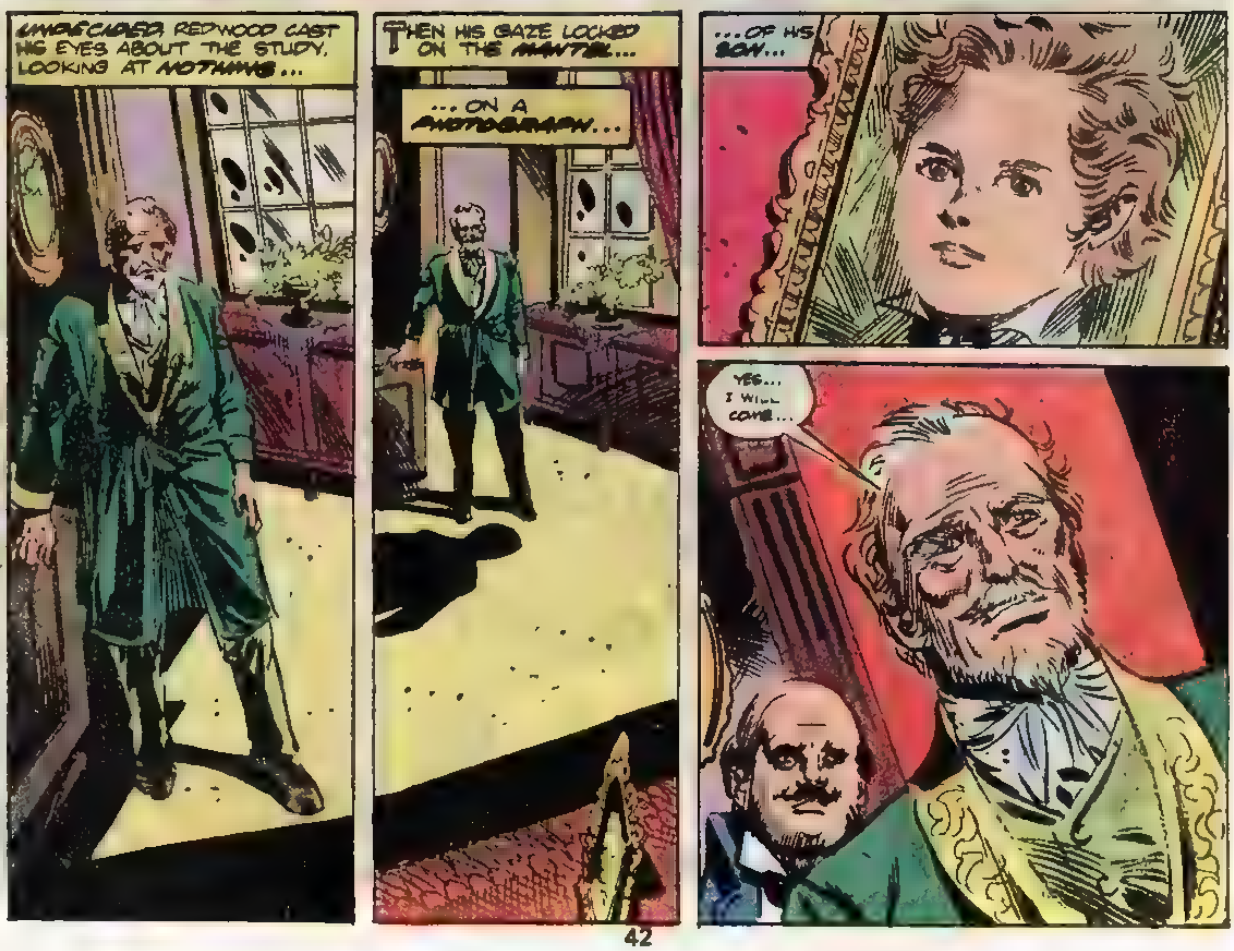
AS SOON AS CATTERHAM KNEW THE PROPER MOMENT HAD ARRIVED--
EH--?
--HE SENT POLICE TO ARREST PROFESSOR REDWOOD. CONVALESCING FROM A RECENT SURGERY, REDWOOD WAS RIPE FOR THE TAKING...
WHAT'S THIS?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE--?
JUST OUR DUTY, SIR SORRY.
WHEN IT BECAME EVIDENT REDWOOD WAS ILL AND COULD NOT BE REMOVED FOR A DAY OR SO, HIS HOUSE WAS CONVERTED INTO A TEMPORARY PRISON..
BUT AT LEAST TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON. IF MY SON IS IN TROUBLE--
I WISH, INDEED, I COULD TELL YOU, SIR--BUT OUR ORDERS ARE STRICT.
LATER THAT DAY, REDWOOD HEARD REMOTE CONCUSSIONS. AT LEAST THE WINDOWS HAD CERTAINLY RATTLED...
HEAVY GUNS--! BUT, IT CAN'T BE-- IT CAN'T END LIKE THAT... NOT IN BLOOD!
FROM THE WINDOW HE PRESENTLY SAW A RUDDY LUMINESCENCE IN THE SKY TOWARD THE SOUTH-EAST..
THEN IT IS WAR... AND EVEN NOW MY SON MAY BE FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE...


INDEED--FOR THE FULL THIRTY-SIX HOURS REDWOOD REMAINED IMPRISONED, THE LITTLE PEOPLE DESPERATELY FOUGHT AGAINST THE AWESOME CHILDREN OF THE FOOD...
THE WAR WAS FOUGHT AGAINST THE REALITY OF NIGHTMARE...
...THE TERRIBLE FANTASY OF UNCOMPROMISING DEATH.

AGAIN THE THIRTY-SIX HOURS WAR AS HAD NO OTHER WAR IN ALL OF MAN'S FOOLISH HISTORY...
AGAIN ... ME SAID ENOUGH ... INCE ANY MAN THAT THE WORLD WAS MEETING ITS FINAL END...
AGAIN


AND AT THE END OF THOSE TERRIBLE THIRTY-SIX HOURS, A MAN ENTERED REDWOODS HOUSE...
PROFESSOR REDWOOD SIR--I BEG YOU TO COME SEE MR. CATERHAM! HE REQUESTS YOUR PRESENCE URGENTLY!
REQUESTS MY PRESENCE--? WHAT HAS HE DONE TO MY SON?!
YOUR SON IS DOING WELL - SO AT LEAST WE GATHER. HOWEVER HE WAS WOUNDED SO AS HE AND THE PRINCESS RAN TO THE CORSAIR'S CAMP.
GO ON-- TELL ME MORE. HAVE YOU SUCCEEDED IN KILLING THEM ALL IN RETURN FOR YOUR VILE VOTES?!
NO SIR-- THE GIANTS HAVE HELD THEIR OWN. THERE'S BEEN AWFUL FIGHTING--TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION! GIANTS HAVE BEEN KILLED EVERYWHERE!
--BUT SO HAVE WE... AND IN FAR GREATER NUMBERS
AND ARE THEY STILL FIGHTING NOW, YOU BLOODY FOOL?!
NO, SIR-- MR. CATERHAM SENT A FLAG OF TRUCE. THE WHOLE THING IS A HIDEOUS MISUNDERSTANDING! THAT'S WHY MR. CATERHAM WANTS TO SPEAK WITH YOU!
BECAUSE YOU WERE FOOLS-- BECAUSE YOU MISCALCULATED AND BLUNDERED-- BECAUSE YOU'VE FOUND YOU CANNOT WIN THIS WAR-- YOU WANT ME TO BELIEVE YOU'RE NOT MURDERERS!
DO YOU TAKE ME FOR AN IDIOT--?!


WHERE ARE THE OTHER GIANTS ?
ALL THE SURVIVING ONES ARE AT THE COSSARS' ENCAMPMENT. THIS AFTERNOON, THEY BEGAN BOMBARDING LONDON WITH SHELLS FILLED WITH THE FOOD!
MAN! THAT'LL BEAT YOU. THEY'LL FORCE YOU TO JOIN THEM! YOU'LL BREATHE THE FOOD IN THE DUST OF EVERY STREET! YOU'RE HELPLESS--
--AND NOW CATERHAM WANTS ME TO HELP HIM BARGAIN FOR A TRUCE! WHY SHOULD I--?
THE GIANTS THEMSELVES INSIST THEY MUST SEE YOU, PROFESSOR REDWOOD THEY HAVE NO AMBASSADOR-- OTHER THAN YOU!
UNLESS YOU GO TO THEM, SIR, I'M AFRAID THERE WILL BE EVEN MORE BLOODSHED! NOW WILL YOU SIR...PLEASE COME--?


UNDISCLOSED, REDWOOD CAST HIS EYES ABOUT THE STUDY, LOOKING AT NOTHING...
THEN HIS GAZE LOCKED ON THE MANTEL...
...ON A PHOTOGRAPH...
...OF HIS SON...
YES... I WILL COME...

REDWOOD WAS TAKEN TO CATERHAM, WHO BEGAN TO SPEAK IN A QUIET DEVIOUSLY PERSUASIVE MANNER SIMILAR TO SUCCESSFUL POLITICIANS. BUT REDWOOD WAS DETERMINED NOT TO BE GULLED...

I WANT ONLY TO GO TO MY SON. NOW TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT YOU OFFER CATERHAM

VERY WELL. IF YOU REFUSE TO LISTEN TO MY REASON

THE CHILDREN OF THE FOOD ARE OFFERED A GREAT RESERVATION -- IN NORTH AMERICA, PERHAPS, OR AFRICA -- IN WHICH THEY MAY LIVE OUT THE REST OF THEIR NORMAL LIVES

ISOLATION

PROVIDED THERE ARE NO MORE GIANT CHILDREN. I SUPPOSE?

PRECISELY. AND SO, SIR SHALL WE SAVE THE WORLD FROM THE BLOATED FRUITS OF YOURS REPREHENSIBLE DISCOVERY.

AND SUPPOSE THEY DO NOT AGREE? SUPPOSE THEY DEMAND THE RIGHT TO BEAR CHILDREN?

THEN WHAT CAN IT BE BUT RENEWED WAR? WE CANNOT ALLOW OUR WORLD TO BE TRAMPLED UNDER A GROWING HERD OF SUCH MONSTERS AS YOUR FOOD HAD SPAWNED!

AND IF YOU THINK YOUR PITIFUL TWO DOZEN GIANTS CAN RESIST ALL THE FORCES OF OUR NATION AND OF ALL THE NATIONS WHO WILL COME TO OUR AID!

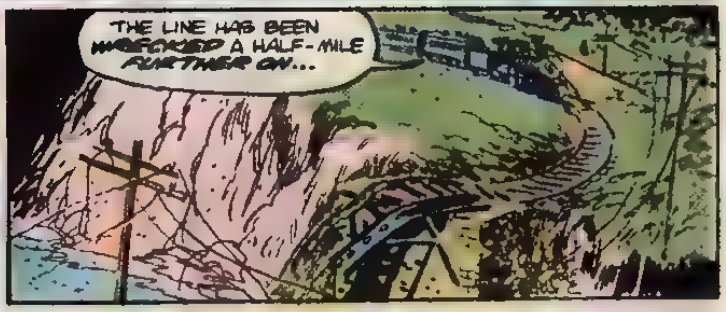
SO TO YOUR GIANTS NOW, SIR--SEE THEM AND THEIR WOUNDED.

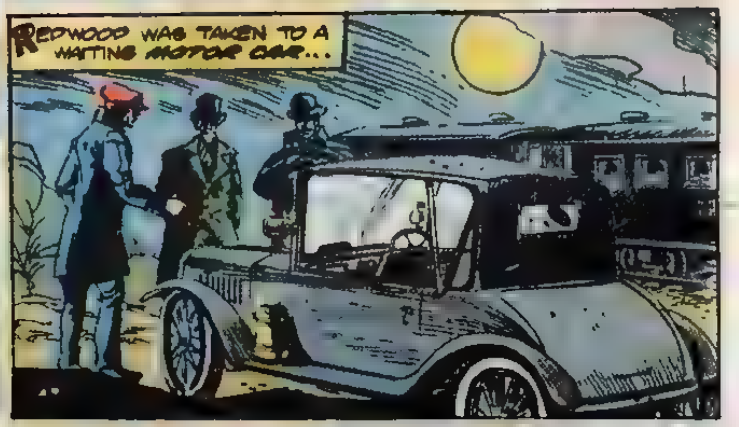
THAT'S ALL I WANT TO DO

GOD KNOWS I'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH OF THIS OFFICE.

SOON REDWOOD FOUND HIMSELF IN A TRAIN GOING OVER THE THAMES..

AT CHARLEMARET, IT STOPPED...
YES? WHAT IS IT? SURELY WE'RE NOT THERE YET...?
NO, SIR -- BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GET OUT HERE...


THE LINE HAS BEEN WRECKED A HALF-MILE FURTHER ON...


REDWOOD WAS TAKEN TO A WAITING MOTOR CAR...

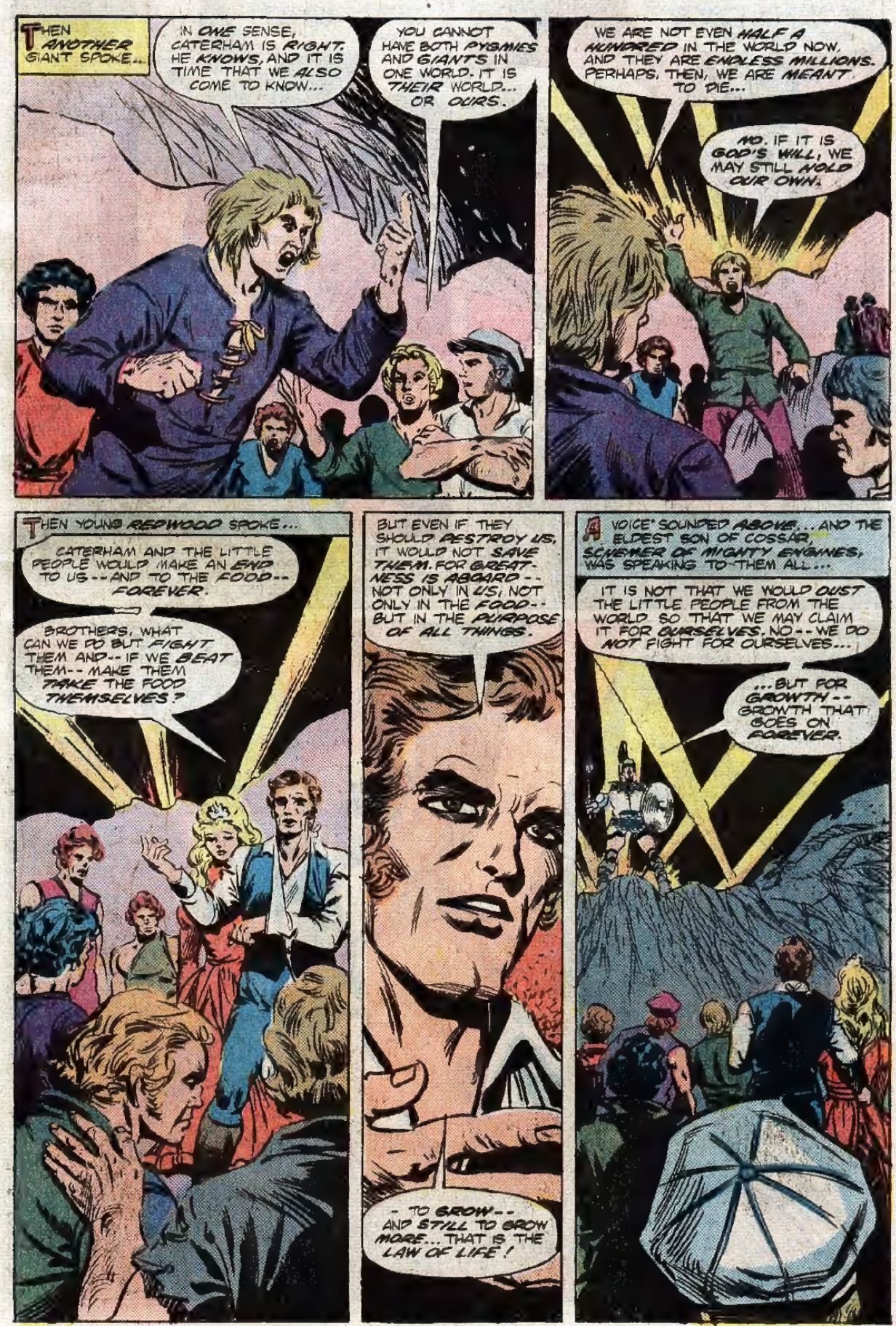
IT DROVE FOR A LONG TIME THROUGH THE NIGHT...

THEN THE DRIVER HALTED AND POINTED TO A GREAT EMBANKMENT IN THE DISTANCE...
THERE.
THERE?

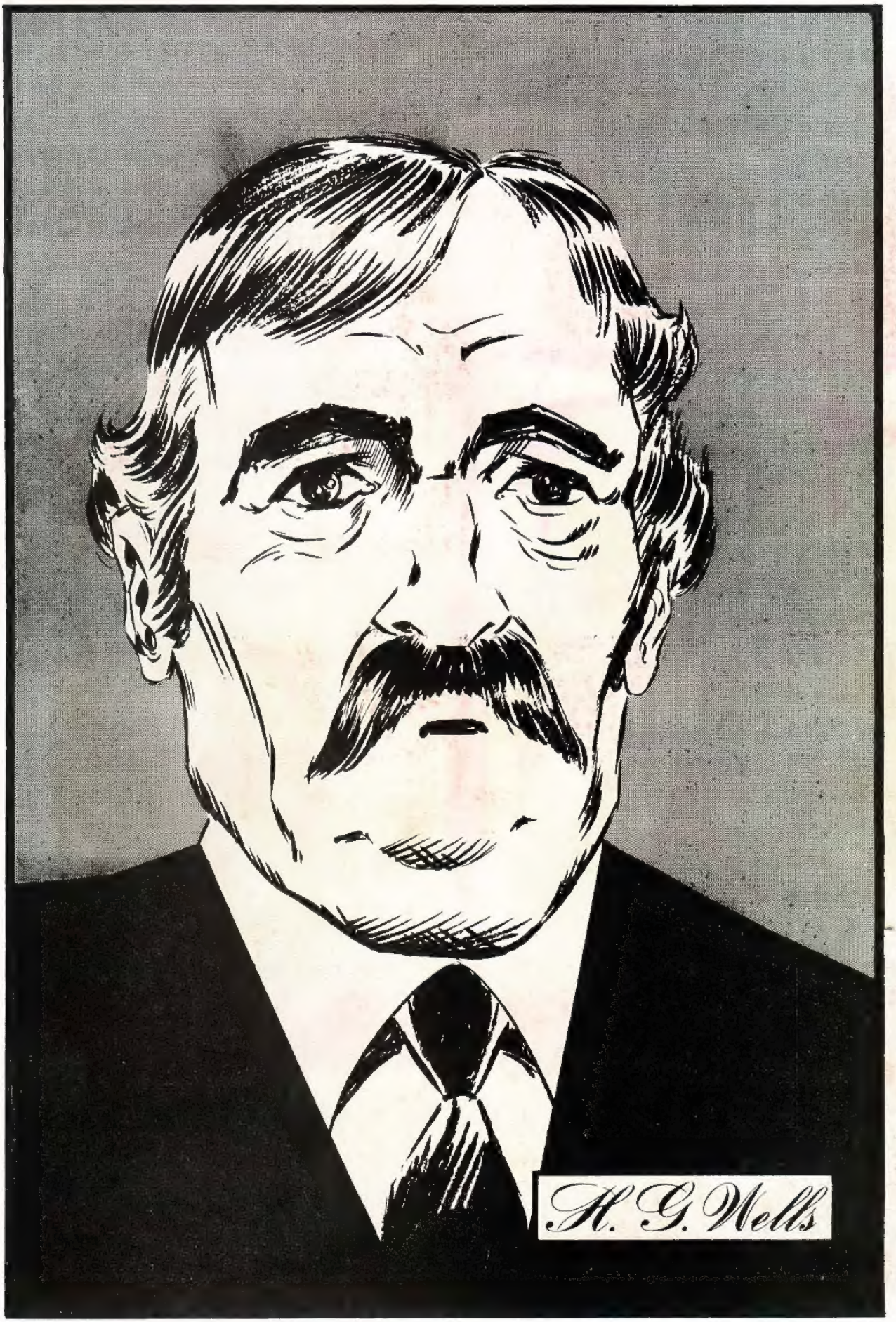
PRESENTLY, A SEARCHLIGHT BLAZED FROM THE EMBANKMENT, SCRUTINIZING THEM...
WELL, GO ON -- YOU CAN GET CLOSER.
UH... WELL, Y-YES, SIR.

THE FEARFUL DRIVER ROUSED HIS MACHINERY INTO MOTION AGAIN, STRAINING UP THE EMBANKMENT.
THEN, QUITE ABRUPTLY, THE DARK FIGURE OF A GIANT LOOMED BEFORE THEM...
HALT! THERE'S NO FURTHER ROAD BEYOND HERE.
IS THAT PROFESSOR REDWOOD?
YES -- YES, IT'S ME.
COSSAR APPEARED ON THE ROAD TO HELP REDWOOD FROM THE CAR...
COSSAR--! BUT WHAT OF MY SON?
HE'S ALL RIGHT, REDWOOD --BUT WE'VE HAD TO MAKE A FIGHT OF IT.
I COME FROM CATERHAM -- WITH HIS OFFER.
I KNOW YOU DO -- THE GIANTS ARE WAITING FOR YOUR
COME ON -- THIS WAY. MY SONS HAVE MADE AN ENTRANCE TO THEIR CAMP FOR US LITTLE PEOPLE...
REDWOOD PASSED WITH COSSAR DOWN A LONG SLANTING TUNNEL WHICH HAD APPARENTLY BEEN CLEARED BY A SINGLE HAND...
THEN THEY'VE NOT CUT OF ALL TIES WITH US.
NO... BUT PEOPLE LIKE CATERHAM MAY FORCE THEM TO DO SO.

FINALLY THEY EMERGED INTO THE GREAT PIT OF SHELTER FASHIONED BY THE COSSAR SONS. THE GIANTS WERE BUSY
GOOD LORD! I HAD NO IDEA THEY WERE SO ORGANIZED! THEY... THEY BUILDING WEAPONS, TOOLS -- MACHINERY!
AND AN INSTINCT FOR SURVIVAL, REDWOOD. COME ALONG -- THIS WAY
REDWOOD WAS LED UP A WINDING PATH THAT WOULD BRING HIM TO A LEDGE FROM WHICH HE COULD ADDRESS THE GIANTS
IT'S A NEW GENERATION, COSSAR. OUR KIND IS OVER--OR ALMOST OVER.
OF COURSE WE'RE OUT OF IT-- IT HAD TO COME. IT WAS INEVITABLE.
EACH MAN FOR HIS OWN TIME.
AFTER TORTUOUS WINDINGS AND ASCENTS, REDWOOD GAINED PROJECTING LEDGE TO FIND THE GIANTS ALREADY GATHERED BEFORE HIM..
I COME FROM CATERHAM WITH IMPOSSIBLE TERMS. I HAVE BROUGHT THESE TERMS TO YOU SIMPLY BECAUSE I WANTED TO SEE ALL OF YOU... AND MY SON.
CATERHAM WANTS YOU TO GO TO SOME GREAT REGION WHICH IS TO BE SET APART FROM ALL OTHERS. YOU ARE TO LIVE IN YOUR OWN WAY FOR YOUR OWN TIME, TO HAVE NO CHILDREN...
...AND THEN TO END FOREVER.
WH-WHAT ?
THERE FOLLOWED A GREAT, AWED STILLNESS. THEN A VOICE BROKE THE SHADOWS...
YOU'VE HEARD THE OFFER, BROTHERS! WHAT IS OUR ANSWER ?
NO!! NO!!


THEN ANOTHER GIANT SPOKE...
IN ONE SENSE, CATERHAM IS RIGHT. HE KNOWS, AND IT IS TIME THAT WE ALSO COME TO KNOW...
YOU CANNOT HAVE BOTH PYGMIES AND GIANTS IN ONE WORLD. IT IS THEIR WORLD... OR OURS.
WE ARE NOT EVEN HALF A HUNDRED IN THE WORLD NOW, AND THEY ARE ENDLESS MILLIONS. PERHAPS, THEN, WE ARE MEANT TO DIE...
NO. IF IT IS GOD'S WILL, WE MAY STILL HOLD OUR OWN.
THEN YOUNG REDWOOD SPOKE...
CATERHAM AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE WOULD MAKE AN END TO US--AND TO THE FOOD--FOREVER.
BROTHERS, WHAT CAN WE DO BUT FIGHT THEM AND--IF WE BEAT THEM--MAKE THEM TAKE THE FOOD THEMSELVES?
BUT EVEN IF THEY SHOULD DESTROY US, IT WOULD NOT SAVE THEM. FOR GREATNESS IS ABOARD--NOT ONLY IN US; NOT ONLY IN THE FOOD--BUT IN THE PURPOSE OF ALL THINGS.
- TO GROW--AND STILL TO GROW MORE... THAT IS THE LAW OF LIFE!
A VOICE SOUNDED ABOVE... AND THE ELDEST SON OF COSSAR, SCHEMER OF MIGHTY ENGINES, WAS SPEAKING TO THEM ALL...
IT IS NOT THAT WE WOULD OUST THE LITTLE PEOPLE FROM THE WORLD SO THAT WE MAY CLAIM IT FOR OURSELVES. NO--WE DO NOT FIGHT FOR OURSELVES...
...BUT FOR GROWTH--GROWTH THAT GOES ON FOREVER.

WE FIGHT TO GROW OUT OF THESE TINY CRACKS AND CRANNIES--
--OUT OF THESE OPPRESSIVE SHADOWS AND DARKNESSES-- INTO GREATNESS AND LIGHT!
WE SHALL CONQUER! WE SHALL PREVAIL OVER ALL!
AND WE SHALL FLOURISH!!
THE WHITE GLARE OF A SEARCHLIGHT WHEELED, SWEPT THE DARKNESS, AND FOR A MOMENT FELL UPON HIM. FOR A SINGLE INSTANT HE SHONE. YOUNG AND STRONG, RESOLUTE AND STILL...
THEN THE LIGHT PASSED..
...AND HE WAS NO MORE THAN A GREAT BLACK OUTLINE AGAINST THE IMMENSE STARRY SKY.
SMD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